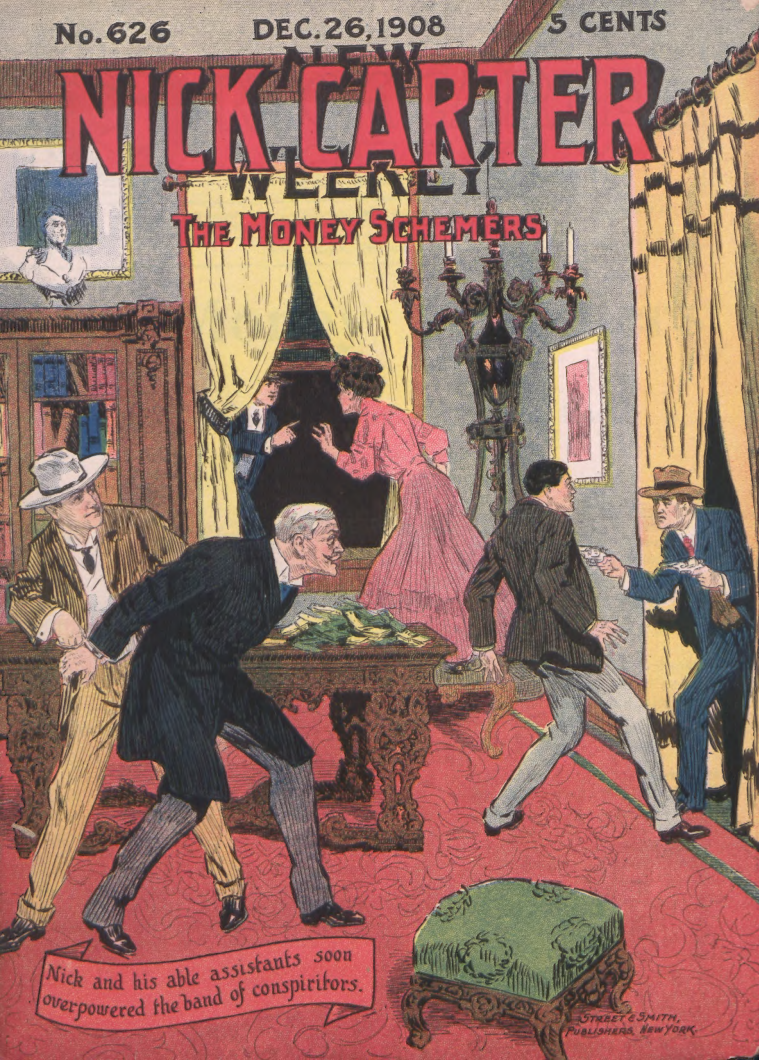
No. 626 DEC. 26, 1908 5 CENTS

NEW NICK CARTER WEEKLY

THE MONEY SCHEMERS



Nick and his able assistants soon overpowered the band of conspirators.

STREET & SMITH, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

NEW NICK CARTER WEEKLY

Issued Weekly. By subscription $2.50 per year. Entered as Second-class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office, by STREET & SMITH, *79-89 Seventh Ave., N. Y. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1908, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.*

No. 626. NEW YORK, December 26, 1908. Price Five Cents.

The Money Schemers;

OR,

Nick Carter After the Confidence King.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE SECRET TELEPHONE.

"You may say what you please, Nick, it is certain that no punishment was ever before meted out to a man with such salutary effect as that which you visited upon Blaisdell.* I have had him watched——"

"So have I," said the detective, interrupting the police commissioner.

"Well, in that case you know as well as I do what has happened."

Nick Carter nodded his head with emphasis.

"There are some things that are worse than imprisonment," he remarked philosophically, "particularly for such a character as Blaisdell."

"You're right, Nick."

"His former associates with whom he hobnobbed in society have cut him dead now. They will have nothing more to do with him. His name has been dropped from membership in every club he belonged to. If he calls upon any of the people who used to receive him gladly, they are 'not at home.' When he drives in his automobile and bows to former acquaintances and friends who used to be glad to know him, their heads are turned the other way and they don't see him. The man is more alone in the world to-day than if he were shut up where poor Coddington is, in Sing Sing."

"I sometimes wonder, Nick, if you realize how cordially he hates you for all this?" asked the commissioner.

The detective shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Certainly," he replied, "but that doesn't cut any ice. The man belongs behind the bars, and before long he will commit some act that will put him there. That is what I am waiting for."

"I know."

"Just think of the poor devils he has sent there! Think of the otherwise innocent young men who would to-day be enjoying the respect of their associates if it were not for that scoundrel. Think of the history of Daniel Coddington, and remember that his is only one of many for which Blaisdell is responsible. He has engineered crime after crime for years, and always some other person has been compelled to pay the penalty while he has gone scot free, simply because he had the ingenuity to keep personally outside the law. Even in the Coddington affair, although you and I knew positively that he was really the guilty party, there was not

*See No. 625 of the NICK CARTER WEEKLY, "A Millionaire Swindler."

a thing on which we could put our fingers that would have convicted him before a jury. But he received a sentence that he little expected, and he has been convicted before the court of Public Opinion, and he has received a sentence which is cutting into him like a dull-edged knife, lacerating as it severs. It is the sort of grilling which will drive him to the point of being less cunning for his own safety, and then—we will get him."

"Who have you got after him, Nick?"

"Jenks."

"The Scotland Yard man you brought back with you from the other side?"

"Yes."

"Is he to remain here with you?"

"For a time. He is an invaluable chap in his way, too. Jenks is really a remarkable man."

"Tell me about him."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell about Jenks, commissioner. He is the very last man in the world you would select if you were searching for some one to put on your personal staff, and yet I doubt if you could find a better one between the two oceans. He's another Sullivan, though I believe he is even better at the game than Sully."

"Do you mean Dan Sullivan, our 'moniker' man?"

"Yes. That is what Jenks is—a 'moniker man.'"*

"Humph! Well, I never heard of a 'moniker' man being good for much else."

"Nor I. Neither is Jenks good for much else—save only one other thing, and for that I don't believe his equal exists."

"And what is that, pray?"

"This: Jenks is, I think, the best man to obey orders I have ever known. He doesn't know anything else than carrying out to the letter the instructions that have been given him. If he understands what he is to do, you may rely upon it that it will be done exactly as you have directed. He isn't worth a pinch of snuff in taking the initiative about anything, but give him directions what to do, and no matter how complicated they may be, he will carry them all out exactly as you have instructed him, and he will do it without making or taking a note of any kind."

"Can he 'shadow'?"

"He can do anything he is told to do—except to carry on a case of his own. That he cannot do."

"How old is he?"

"Oh, he is past fifty, I should say."

"And how does it happen that he will remain here with you if he is regularly attached to Scotland Yard, in London?"

"You know I engaged him when I went over there after Chester Lloyd and Blaisdell. I engaged him indefinitely, with the assent of the inspector over him, and when his duties under me brought him here he asked me to keep him for a time on my staff. He wants the American experience, you know."

"And you were quite willing to do so, eh?"

"More than willing. I need such a man, particularly just now."

"So the time of his stay is indefinite, and he is to be regarded as one of your assistants while he is here?"

"Yes."

"What about Chick and Patsy?"

"That is just the point. Chick is on a case just now that will keep him occupied for at least six months. Patsy is, of course, ready at hand, but I need two all the time."

"And Jenks is at present on the Blaisdell case, eh?"

"Yes; if it could be called a case. My instructions to Jenks in the matter were merely that he is to keep tabs on Blaisdell and know everything that he does. The last report is rather interesting, as showing what effect our campaign against Blaisdell is having upon the man."

"How so?"

"Blaisdell has stripped his house of everything save the regular furniture, and has placed it in the market for sale, or to let for a term of years. In the meantime he has taken an apartment—or, rather, a flat, on the top floor of a building on Amsterdam Avenue, and he has gone there to live."

"That shows that he has accepted the sentence that society has visited upon him, doesn't it?"

"Yes; and, to my mind, it also shows something else."

"What?"

"That he is preparing for a new dodge."

"What sort of a dodge?"

"That I do not know, of course; but Jenks added a postscript to his report which, coming from him, is significant."

"What was it?"

"This: 'I hope to have an interesting fact to give in my next report, but it is so uncertain as yet that I prefer not to mention it till I am more positive.'"

"When does he make his next report?"

*"Moniker" is the term used in the underworld to express a combination of the meanings of the words physiognomy, characteristics, measurements, features, motions, etc. A "moniker man" is supposed to possess the ability to recognize at a glance any person he has ever seen before, no matter how disguised.—Editor.

"That is also uncertain. He has no stated time for making them. He thought it would be best if he should select his own times for doing that, and I agreed with him. Sometimes I get two in a day and sometimes I get only one in three days; but all the time I know positively that Blaisdell cannot make a move of any sort which escapes the attention of Jenks. That is why I do not ask you what your man is doing on the case—and I will tell you now, Mr. Commissioner, if you have any other work for him you might as well call him off, because Jenks can and will attend to it all."

"All right. I guess I'll do that."

The two men were seated together in the detective's study in his residence, where the commissioner had called on his way to headquarters; and just as the commissioner rose to take his leave there was a tap against the door, and Nick Carter remarked quietly:

"Sit down again, commissioner. That is Jenks now. Stay and hear what he may have to say."

The commissioner resumed his seat, and Nick bade the Englishman enter.

He did so, saluting first one and then the other of the two already in the room with a soldierlike gesture, and drawing his tall form up as straight as a ramrod, while his solemn face was as expressionless as a stoic's.

"Well, Jenks," said the detective, "what have you got to tell me this morning?"

"A very trivial matter, sir, and yet I think it may be of importance."

"Well? What is it?"

"Blaisdell spent almost the entire night in company with three others, who, I think, were linemen, installing a telephone in his flat on the top floor of the house I have already reported about."

"Yes?"

"I have reason to believe, sir, that the telephone has been put in without the knowledge of the telephone company, and that the wire does not extend very far; not above three or four blocks at the most. I could not get to the roof to trace the wire, but I thought that perhaps you would have Mr. Garvan do that."

The detective glanced at the commissioner and caught his eye. They both smiled.

"Where is Blaisdell now?" asked Nick.

"In his bed, asleep, sir."

"You are sure of that?"

"Absolutely."

"Commissioner," said the detective, turning to that official, "I think I see through what that move means. It means that Blaisdell has instituted a private wire of his own from his flat to another one, so that he can talk with his underlings without the necessity of seeing them personally."

"It certainly looks that way."

"Well, I'll go up there myself or send Patsy. I'll trace that wire and find where it goes, and then, if possible, I'll hire another flat near there and put a loop in Blaisdell's wire so that I can know whatever is said over it. And I think I had better attend to it at once. As soon as there is any information worth mentioning, I'll let you know."

CHAPTER II.

THE TELLER OF THE MONOLITH BANK.

"Patsy," said the detective, half an hour later, speaking to his second assistant, whom he had called into the study with Jenks and himself, "I think that Blaisdell has begun at last to make a move along his selected lines. I think he has begun another swindling operation of some kind, and, if that is so, we must catch him at it."

"I guess we have got him down now, so that we can do that," replied Patsy.

"It has been a trifle over a month since I exposed his methods to the public; since the society he formerly enjoyed has cut him. It is about time that he got to work again. A man like that can no more keep out of operating along the swindling lines than a duck can keep out of water that is near."

"I know that."

"Well, Jenks has kept tabs on Blaisdell very carefully. I haven't told you anything about it, but I will now. Blaisdell is living in a flat on Amsterdam Avenue, top floor. Last night, assisted by some of his pals, doubtless, he installed a secret telephone in his flat. Jenks could not learn where it leads to, but I want you to go there right now, and find out all about it."

"Yes."

"Jenks thinks it doesn't run more than three or four blocks; but in any event it must cross a street or two, and possibly the avenue."

"Likely."

"I should say, too, that it doubtless runs closely along the tops of the buildings so that it won't attract the attention of any regular linemen who may happen in that neighborhood. Now, I want you to find, if possible, a vacant flat somewhere near where that line

runs. One that is directly under it, in one of the houses it crosses, would be just the thing."

"Yes."

"When you have found such a place, put a loop in the wire. Carry your loop into the flat you hire, and attach a telephone to it. But in attaching your loop try to hide the fact that you have done so, and do it so thoroughly that it will not be discovered unless a person should actually bend over it at the very spot where you have made the connection."

"I understand perfectly well what you mean. I can do it."

"I know it. In the meantime I will call upon the telephone company. I will tell them exactly what I am after, so that in case one of their men should find that wire of Blaisdell's it will not be disturbed."

"That's a good idea."

"A very necessary one, I think. Now, you go up there with Jenks. When you have made all the arrangements let me know at once."

Nick Carter had been alone in his study less than half an hour after that when there was a ring at his telephone-bell, and in responding to it the following conversation took place:

"I wish to speak with Mr. Carter in person. This is the president of the Monolith National Bank."

"You are speaking with Mr. Carter now," replied the detective.

"Am I? Good! Thank you. Could you come down here to the bank to see me, Mr. Carter?"

"When?"

"At once, if it is convenient."

"Won't you tell me what it is about, please? My time is rather occupied, Mr. Hall."

"Ah; you know my name? So much the better."

"Certainly."

"Well, I wish to see you about a young man who is in our employ. I don't like to say much about it over the telephone, so I wish you would come down here, if possible."

The result of this conversation was that within half an hour thereafter Nick Carter was seated in the private office of the president of the bank listening to a story which was not materially unlike that of young Daniel Coddington, then in Sing Sing.* And the detective listened to it to the end almost without interruption.

"I fear it is the Coddington case over again, Mr. Carter," said the president, "or that it would have been if we were less watchful than we are. But I have sent for you because I believe that the evil has only just begun to work, and that you can find a way to save that young man. He hasn't taken much yet. He has been with us since he was a boy. But I am certain from what our private detective force have told me that he has started on the downward path, and that if he were left alone, he would soon be in the same difficulty that Coddington got into. I want your advice on the subject."

"Who is the young man?" asked Nick.

"James Carrington, one of our tellers."

"Do you know that he has stolen anything, so far?"

"We know that about a thousand dollars have been taken, and I am morally certain that he is the one who has taken it. But I have not had his accounts examined as yet, preferring to talk with you before I did so. The fact is that Carrington is a distant relative of mine, and, aside from the fact that I would be interested in saving any young man from such a fate, I feel it incumbent upon me to stop this thing, if I can."

"Bankers are not usually so generous in their motives, Mr. Hall."

"Possibly not; but a man can be a banker and still have a heart in his body, although the general belief is to the contrary."

Nick laughed.

"Money is a heart-destroyer, there can be no doubt of that," he said. "Suppose you send young Carrington in here and let me talk with him; and while I am doing that, you take a trip outside somewhere. I want to talk with him alone, if at all."

"I should tell you that he hasn't the least idea that he is suspected of anything."

"All the better."

"And he is a very high-spirited youth."

"Better and better. How old is he?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Rather a young man to be teller in your bank."

"Yes; but he is thoroughly competent; and until very recently irreproachable in his character."

"Who do you think is leading him astray?"

"A woman."

"Ah; is Carrington married?"

"No; he is a bachelor."

"And who is the woman?"

"I know absolutely nothing about her save that her name is Blanche Moan, and that she has a brother named Harry. Who and what they are I do not know, save that they appear to live respectably."

*See NICK CARTER WEEKLY, No. 625.

"Is Carrington playing the horses, buying stocks—or what?"

"Neither. We don't know what he does with the money—if he is the one who has taken it—unless he spends it on that young woman. And whether she is aware of the source of the money he uses is also unknown to me."

"Then, as a matter of fact, you only *suspect* the young man. You don't *know* that he has stolen anything."

"No. That is it."

"Send him in here with me and you keep away yourself until I am through talking to him. If it should happen that he *is* the man, and that I can make him confess to me, he will be just the person I wish to find. I want just such a young man as that to assist me on another matter I have in hand. I will not only save him, but I may teach him a lesson that he will never forget. Send him to me."

Five minutes later James Carrington entered the room.

He was a handsome young man, clean-shaven, with clearly-cut features, bright, expressive eyes, an athlete, and altogether attractive in his personality.

"Mr. Carrington," said Nick, "I suppose you are rather surprised that you should be called away from your work to talk with a stranger. Take a seat, please."

"Yes, sir; I am rather surprised," replied Carrington, seating himself. "Mr. Hall said that a gentleman in his office wished to talk with me, and here I am. Will you tell me in what way I can serve you, sir?"

The reply was cool, collected, somewhat haughty. There was not the slightest trace of nervousness about the young man; nothing at all of the air of one who was guilty of any wrongdoing.

"Have you ever happened to hear of such a person as Nick Carter?" asked the detective smilingly.

"Yes, sir, I have. Nick Carter is a detective of considerable repute, I have been told."

"I am Nick Carter, Mr. Carrington."

"Indeed? I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Carter; but more and more I am mystified that you should wish to see me." Not a tremor; not a change of expression; not a sign of guilty conscience. The whole air of the man was above reproach. Nick realized this, and wondered if it were superb acting, or if it were real. He decided not to beat about the bush at all, but to come to the point at once.

"I suppose you are aware, Mr. Carrington, that every person in a bank is more or less under surveillance all the time, are you not?" he asked.

"Perfectly so, Mr. Carter. For instance I know that I have been especially so of late."

"Do you know why?"

"No, sir; unless it is because—but perhaps I had better say nothing about it."

"On the contrary you had better tell me all about it, Mr. Carrington. I may as well inform you at once that——"

The young teller held up one hand by way of interruption, and said:

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Mr. Carter, but if I am to tell you what was on my mind at that moment it is better that I should do so before you have anticipated anything that I would say."

"I quite agree with you, Carrington. What were you about to tell me when you interrupted yourself?"

"You asked if I knew why I had been especially under surveillance of late. I will reply to you now by saying this: Some one has taken about fourteen hundred dollars from the bank. The sum has been taken in such a manner that it now appears as if I might have done it. I have kept silent since the facts came to my knowledge, believing that I could trace out the irregularity myself, but thus far I have been unable to do so. I have thought that these facts were not known in this office; in fact, I supposed that I and the one who took the money were the only ones who did know about it; I thought so until you told me who you were; but then it occurred to me that Mr. Hall had found it out, and had sent for you to trace out the facts in connection with it."

"You are perfectly correct about that, Mr. Carrington."

"And I am therefore suspected?"

"You are—and quite naturally so. You say yourself that it looks even to you as if you might be the one."

"Yes."

"Do you say to me positively that you are *not?*"

"I do, Mr. Carter."

Nick looked at the young man closely, still in doubt whether he was lying or telling the truth.

CHAPTER III.

A COOL PROPOSITION.

"Do you find any objections to replying to a few very personal questions for me?" asked the detective, after a short pause.

...er. If you are acting for Mr. ...this bank, you have the right to ...ou please, and I have no right to ...d. "The life of an employee in a ...ys be subject to all sorts of espionage, ... to all sorts of criticisms and questions," ...omewhat bitterly. "I greatly regret the fact ...ected it for an occupation, but, having done so ... was a boy, I know nothing else. Our lives are ...emely narrow, Mr. Carter, and we can have no se... ...ets. The moment we do, then we are suspected."

"Possibly," said Nick, "there is no other class of people who are surrounded by so many temptations, Carrington."

"That is so, doubtless."

"And certainly there is no other class of people against whom a certain class of confidence men direct their energies and activities."

"I quite agree with you as to that, Mr. Carter."

"For example, in speaking of the espionage, will you tell me something about a certain young lady of your acquaintance?"

Carrington stiffened visibly, and, after a moment, he replied coldly:

"To whom do you refer, Mr. Carter?"

"A young woman named Blanche Moan."

"Is it necessary that the name of Miss Moan should be brought into this affair?"

"Not if you wish it otherwise, Mr. Carrington. I asked the question merely to clear the atmosphere, and perhaps more with the idea of keeping the name out of the question than to introduce it—to the notice of others. Will you tell me who she is and what relation she bears to you?"

"She is Miss Blanche Moan, a young woman whom I hope to make my wife."

"Oh, indeed. That is pleasant news to hear. I suppose, then, we may drop her name entirely, and that it is in order for me to congratulate you?"

"I am not to be congratulated as yet, sir. I have not asked her the question, although I have determined to do so at the next opportunity."

"We will leave the young lady out of it, then, and I will ask you some questions on an entirely different subject."

"Very well, sir."

"Have you lately, during the past six months, we will say, formed any new acquaintances with whom you have become at all intimate?"

"One only."

"Who is that?"

"Miss Moan's brother Harry."

"How old is he?"

"The same age as his sister. They are twins."

"And, therefore, much alike, I suppose."

"As nearly alike as two persons of different sex can be."

"Will you tell me something about the habits of Harry Moan?"

For a moment Carrington hesitated. Then he replied:

"I am afraid, Mr. Carter, that they are not of the best. That is one reason why I have permitted myself to be perhaps more intimate than otherwise I would have been. His sister has asked me to endeavor, as far as possible, to exert an influence over him for good. He is inclined to gambling, to horse-racing, to bucket-shops. I could go more into particulars if it were necessary, but I don't think it is. I would like to say this, however: Whenever I have gone with him to any of the places he likes to frequent, it has been solely with the desire to hold him back, and at the request of his sister, whom I love."

"I quite understand you. Have you loaned him money at any time?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

"No."

"Personally do you like him?"

"Very much indeed."

"What is the character of his associates?"

"I don't know much about them, Mr. Carter, but such as I have met, I have not liked."

"Now, to return to that fourteen hundred dollars—have you an idea who took it?"

"I would rather not say as to that, sir. I might do an innocent man a very great wrong. I would much prefer to let it rest as it is for the present, only I wish to assure you again that I am not at fault in the matter."

"Very well, Mr. Carrington. I think that will do for the present. I will not keep you any longer away from your duties. My advice would be for you to go on in the even tenor of your way, as if this conversation had not occurred; and I would also advise that you abandon your efforts to direct Harry Moan in the right path. If he is determined to follow the other one nothing that you can do is likely to hold him back. You had best tell the sister so."

"I will have to be my own mentor in such matters, Mr. Carter, even if it comes to the unpleasant point of losing my place here."

With that rather coldly announced attitude, Carrington went out of the office, and a moment later the president of the bank entered it again.

"Well?" he said.

"Mr. Hall," said the detective, after waiting a considerable time before he replied at all, "there is something which I wish very much indeed to say to you, but which I do not want to say unless I can feel more or less assured that you will accept my view of it after it is said."

"Mr. Carter," replied the banker, "I sent for you because I wished your views in this matter, and because I desired to follow your advice, if you gave it."

"In that case I think I will say what I have on my mind."

"Please do so."

"I have had quite a talk with Carrington. I need not repeat what was said, only to tell you that he was perfectly cool, perfect master of himself, entirely dignified, and that he conducted himself throughout the interview like an innocent man. But, nevertheless, I believe that he is the one who has taken the money, and I believe that he will take more."

"I am very, very sorry, Mr. Carter."

"Nevertheless, I wish you to keep him in your employ; to act as if all suspicion against him was forgotten; to even withdraw your own men from watching him, and to make it appear as positively as you can that all thought against him is abandoned. Are you willing to do all that?"

"If you advise it—yes; because I know you would not advise it unless you had a perfectly good reason for doing so."

"You may be sure of that."

"Are you willing to tell me what that reason is?"

"Yes; in part at least."

"Well?"

"I suppose you saw the account in the papers about a month ago of the exposure of Percy Blaisdell, did you not? You know that he was the really guilty party in the case of Coddington?"

"Yes to both your questions, Mr. Carter. That is why I sent for you to-day. I thought that possibly Carrington had fallen under the same sort of influence."

"I think he has, Mr. Hall. That is why I have made the request to leave him alone. I have information which only just came to me which leads me to believe that Blaisdell is about to resume his activities—in fact, that he has resumed them. What is more natural than that Carrington should have long ago been selected as a victim, and that the agents of Blaisdell have long since begun their preparatory work? Understand me, I am casting no reflections upon that young woman or her brother with whom Carrington has become intimate, but they seem to be the only new acquaintances he has made of late—within the last six months, he tells me—and for that reason suspicion would attach to them until we know better."

"You will, of course, take pains to find out about them, Carter?"

"At once. Without delay. But in the meantime I want Carrington to have a free hand."

"He shall have it."

"Withdraw all your own espionage of him. Call off your bank staff of detectives, and let me handle all that part of it."

"It shall be done."

"To-night, after the bank has closed, call him in here and tell him you are rather sorry that you felt it necessary to have him talk with me. Assure him that your desire was to assure yourself that he was *not* the one, rather than that you thought he was the thief."

"I'll do that, also."

"Try if you can get out of him the name of the person he pretends to suspect. I doubt if you can do it, but try."

"I don't think I need do that. If Carrington told you that he suspected anybody at all, I know who it is he would suspect—or pretend to suspect."

"Who?"

"The assistant teller, under him. They do not like each other at all. He is Thomas Crane. He is older than Carrington by five years."

"And Crane you believe to be entirely honest?"

"I haven't any doubt of it."

"I suppose it was Crane who discovered the loss; eh?"

"Yes."

"It now amounts to fourteen hundred dollars; did you know that?"

"No; it was a thousand yesterday."

"I don't ask you anything about the methods by which the money was taken because I do not care in the least about that. It is sufficient that the loss is there. Whether it is juggling with figures or mere thievery, does not matter; and I wish you to bear these losses for a time, if you will do so, in order that we may get down to the solid truth about it."

"Very well, Mr. Carter. As I said before, I will be guided entirely by your advice in the matter."

"What are your reports about Crane?"

"The same that they have always been. He has not changed his habits at all of late. He lives a methodical life; comes and goes as if he were an old man. Like Carrington, he is a bachelor."

"You may give me, if you will, the address of Miss Moan."

"I have anticipated that question. It is written on this card;" and the banker gave a card into the hand of the detective.

"Do you know if her brother lives with her?" asked Nick.

"Yes; and living with them is another woman whom they address as 'Auntie,' although she is not much older than they are."

The detective glanced at the address on the card, and smiled. It was Amsterdam Avenue, not very far south of the address of the flat where Blaisdell had recently taken up his quarters. True, that might be a mere coincidence, and yet it was suggestive under the circumstances; and Nick Carter was presently to discover that it was even more suggestive than he at first supposed.

CHAPTER IV.

HEARD OVER THE PRIVATE TELEPHONE.

"It is all arranged, chief," said Patsy, entering the detective's study that same evening about eight o'clock. "The wire travels three blocks south from Blaisdell's flat and is then taken into another top-floor flat. I found a vacant apartment on the top floor of the intervening block, rented it, and now have a telephone installed there which is a loop from that private and secret wire of Blaisdell's, just as you directed. Now, what next?"

"You have done well, Patsy. What is the name of the people at the other end of the wire from Blaisdell?"

"The apartment is taken in the name of a woman who calls herself Mrs. Miriam Carpenter. She has a nephew and niece living with her, I have discovered. Their names are respectively Harry and Blanche Moan. The young man, who is, as nearly as I can find out about twenty-five years old, is said to be rather fast; his sister is very highly spoken of in the stores about the neighborhood. She is also said to be beautiful."

"Where is Jenks?" asked the detective, who made no comment upon the startling news that Patsy had brought to him; news which upheld his suspicions, if he could be said to have had any until that moment.

"He is on his job, chief."

"Well, as soon as you have had something to eat, you——"

"I've had my dinner, chief."

"Then you may take me at once to the flat you rented to-day. I will spend the night there myself—at least this first night."

"Very well."

"When you leave me there I want you to find Jenks, if you can, and relieve him. I will ask you to take on Blaisdell for a time; and tell Jenks that there is a young man named James Carrington employed as one of the tellers at the Monolith National Bank. I want him to begin to-morrow morning on Carrington and to do precisely the same in his case as he has been doing in the case of Blaisdell. Now, if you are ready we will start."

The apartment which they presently entered, as described by Patsy, was, of course, destitute of furniture save only a couple of chairs which Patsy had had the forethought to provide. The telephone was of the desk variety, and did not have to be attached to the wall; also Patsy had provided a head-piece which held the receiver against the ear, and as one of the two chairs was a Morris, Nick saw that he could be quite comfortable while he awaited information passing over the wire.

For he felt assured already that there would be information, but he could not imagine how much of that sort of thing he was to obtain by the simple device he had inaugurated.

Before entering the flat he had provided himself liberally with cigars, and also with a luncheon, in case he should be hungry during the night.

He lighted the gas, settled himself in the Morris chair, and, with the head-piece firmly attached and with the papers to read, he told Patsy that he might go.

The telephone itself he expected to have no use for whatever, but the receiver he did not expect to remove from his ear throughout the night.

He looked at his watch as he settled himself to listen and discovered that it was shortly after nine; about two or three hours before he really expected to hear anything at all.

Nevertheless, he had not occupied the chair fifteen minutes when he heard the receiver removed from the hook at one end of the wire, and after another moment a voice, which he did not recognize—a woman's voice—called:

"Hello! Hello! Hello!"

There was a short wait before the answer came, and

then it was in the unmistakable tones of Percy Blaisdell, which Nick knew perfectly well.

"Hello?" he said. "What is it, Miriam?"

"Oh, I just wanted to find out if the telephone worked all right. That's all."

"Of course it works all right. But you shouldn't have called me this early in the evening. Such are not my instructions."

"Oh, fudge! Don't be a bear. It could do no harm this once, and, besides, I wanted to know if it was all right. Are you sure that the wires are hidden so that no one will guess what they are?"

"Perfectly sure. Who is there in the house with you?"

"As if you needed to ask that question. I am alone, of course. I do wish you would come here and talk to me, or let me go up there."

"Not by any means, Miriam. We must not see each other at all until I carry off this last great scheme. Then, after that, we will go to Argentina, or somewhere else, and drop this business for good."

"I wish you'd drop it now. You've got enough money."

"There is just where you are wrong, my dear; I haven't. I am almost broke; that is, almost broke for me. I think I have about twenty thousand dollars left."

"Well, that's enough."

"Enough? It isn't a drop in the bucket. I want at least a quarter of a million, and much more than that if I can get it. And if I carry out this last affair as it is planned, I'll have much more than that when we go away."

"How long will it take, Percy?"

"I can't answer that—yet. Ask me that a month from now and maybe I can tell you. Where is Blanche?"

"Gone to the theater."

"With Carrington?"

"Sure."

"I wonder if he'll ask her to-night to marry him?"

Something about this question seemed to amuse them both hugely, for they laughed over the wire, and continued to laugh for some time until Nick wondered what there was about the question that was so superlatively funny. He might have laughed, too, had he known.

"You didn't answer my question," Blaisdell said to the woman, after their laughter had ceased.

"I don't know," she replied, "but I think he is ready to pop the question. He is certainly very n
'love."

"Harry is a dandy," said Blaisdell, with some i
vancy, Nick thought. "When he comes in ask hi
call me up."

"He won't be alone, you know. I guess I had b
ter wait till his company has gone."

"To be sure. That is what I meant."

Nick could hear the receivers returned to the hooks and then all was silent again, and he returned to his perusal of the papers.

He was satisfied now that he was on the right track; satisfied that James Carrington was intended in some way to become the prey of these plotters, but what their method of procedure would be, and just how they proposed finally to get the young teller into their toils he as yet had no means of determining.

He had an idea, too, that it would be a long wait before he would be able to discover all he wished to know by this slow method; and yet he could not think of one that offered a better opportunity. Possibly it would require months of weary waiting at that telephone to hear all that was said over it in order to catch the plotters finally.

It was more than two hours later before the wire was used again, and then the first intimation he had of it was a loud "Hello!" which seemed to be shouted directly into his ear, as in reality was the case.

But he had not heard the click of the hook nor any other preliminary noise; and this time it was in a voice that Nick had never heard before.

"Hello," came the reply of Blaisdell, after a moment. "Is that you, Harry?"

"Yes. Miriam said you wished me to call you as soon as I could. What do you want?"

"How are things going?"

"All right. What in blazes is the matter with you, anyway? Don't you suppose that I am able to carry on my end of this thing without having to report to you every five minutes? And, besides, I am going out."

"Oh; are you? Where?"

"To meet Jimmy, of course. By appointment."

"Say, look here, Harry, aren't you playing that double game rather close together?"

"Not a bit of it. That's the safest way."

"Carrington is no fool, Harry."

"There is precisely where you are wrong. He is a biggest kind of a fool, or he wouldn't let me pull the wool over his eyes the way I am doing it."

"Did he propose to-night?"

...sk Blanche," was the reply, given with a short
...e same
...ed his ...rats! Tell me."
...fe; co...o to thunder!"
...Carrin...low much have you gotten out of him so far,
...u m...y?"
..." A little less than fourteen hundred. I have made
...nav... promise that he'll bring me a full thousand more
...ard...fore the week is out. I think he will do it, too."
...d "Don't crowd him too hard. It might spoil all that
...we have planned, you know."
"I know."
"And, besides, they might get onto it down at the bank."
"I have thought of that. But I'll keep the double game on him."
"I want you to find time in the morning, Harry, to attend to the other matters for me. It is time that Frazer was seen. I want to know how he is getting along with his part of the game and you know very well that I cannot make a move. That English detective dogs every step I take. There was one while when I feared that he had caught on to this telephone business, but I concluded that he hadn't. He hasn't the least idea that I know who he is."
"Well, you wouldn't have known if I hadn't told you."
"That's all right, too."
"Where are you going to meet Carrington?"
"Up at Dorning's saloon, in half an hour, and I must be getting myself ready. I haven't started to dress yet."
"One would think you were going to a ball, to hear you talk."
"Oh, you know what I mean. It's no easy job to fool a chap as smart as Carrington."
"You just now said he was a fool."
"So he is—and so he isn't. Good-by."
"Say! Harry!"
"Well?"
"Are you going to stay in Dorning's very long?"
"I don't know. There's a game up-stairs that I might sit into for a while."
"And get Carrington into it, too?"
"Oh, he won't play. He just sits and looks on. He'll play after a while, however."
"I think I'll blow in up there, while you are there. I want to have another look at him. You needn't seem to appear to know me at all, Harry."
"All right. Do as you please about that. Good-by."
At this the receivers were returned to the hooks, and once more there was silence; and Nick, realizing that there would be no more talking over that wire for a considerable time at the least, took the receiver from his ear and prepared to go out.

He also had decided to find Dorning's saloon. He wished to have a look at the young man who called himself Harry Moan.

CHAPTER V.

NICK CARTER GIVES A LITTLE SURPRISE.

Nick Carter was wearing no disguise, and he happened to have nothing with him for the manufacture of one, and for several minutes this fact puzzled him.

He knew that if he went to the saloon in his present dress and without making any changes in his appearance Blaisdell would recognize him at once; and so also would Carrington, with whom he had talked only that afternoon.

At the present time of night in that part of the city there were no stores open where he could make purchases, and so for a considerable time he hesitated about making the trip; and then it occurred to him that he would go just as he was, trusting to chance not to be observed, or, if he should be, trusting to the very boldness of his act to make the others believe that it was entirely an accident that he was there.

He knew that Patsy, who had now taken the place of Jenks on the case, would not be far off, and as he cared only to get a good view of Harry Moan's face, he really thought that he could slip in and out of the place without attracting attention.

It was nearly half-past twelve when he finally opened the door of Dorning's saloon and passed inside; and almost at once he saw a man leaning against the bar in whom he at once recognized Blaisdell, although the man was skilfully disguised.

His usually rather handsome features were concealed behind a flowing white beard; he wore a wig of long hair of the same colorless hue, spectacles covered his eyes, and he carried a cane and stooped as if he were indeed a very old man. Indeed, he carried out the part much better than Nick would have supposed him capable of doing. In front of him on the bar rested a large glass of beer.

But the two whom Nick had come there to see were nowhere about. The detective decided that they had not yet arrived; he saw, moreover, that although Blaisdell glanced toward him when he entered the place, he had not in that glance recognized him.

Instead of going to the bar Nick sought a table in one corner of the room and seated himself. He picked up a paper that was lying there and appeared to read, holding it at the same time in front of his face in such a manner as partly to screen it from view.

He wondered if Blaisdell had really recognized him or not. He had thought not at the time, but the man was so cunning that Nick felt he could not be sure.

The detective had been seated at the table several minutes when the door opened again, and James Carrington came into the saloon, while immediately behind him was a dark, handsome young fellow with curly hair that was as black as his eyes. This, Nick had not the slightest doubt, was Harry Moan.

It was a handsome face, even if somewhat effeminate, and Nick knew now why he had at first supposed it was a woman speaking when he heard Moan's voice on the telephone, for he called out in that same voice to the bartender as soon as he entered the room:

"Two beers, please, Tony, as soon as possible. My mouth is an arid desert, my throat a dried-up river, and my stomach is on fire with thirst. You'll have a beer this time, won't you, Jim, old pal?"

"No; I think not," replied Carrington. "I'll take a ginger ale."

"Nonsense. Two beers, Tony, as I said."

They had approached the bar by this time, and now, leaning half-way across it, Moan said something in an undertone to the bartender, and if Nick had not been a reader of lip-movement he could not have caught what was said. As it was, however, he plainly saw, if he did not hear, the words:

"Is there a game up-stairs to-night, Tony?"

The bartender nodded and held up one hand, to indicate that five were playing some sort of a game; and then Moan turned to Carrington again.

"I am going up for a little while, Jimmy. You'll go?"

"I'd rather not to-night. Come on home, Harry."

"Not on your life!" he laughed heartily. "I'm going up-stairs for a while. I've got a few dollars in my pocket, and I want a few more."

"Or a few less."

"As you like. It's all the same either way. Will you come or shall I leave you here?"

"Oh, I'll go with you for a little while, just——"

"Just to keep your word with Blanche, eh? Much good you'll do trying to reform me. Hello, old chap! What's the matter with you?" This to the old man in whom Nick had so quickly recognized Blaisdell. He had edged along the bar until he was quite near Moan and had managed to touch him without attracting the attention of others; but for some reason he took the outspoken form of replying to him.

"I happened to see that you were losing your scarf pin from your tie," said the supposed old man, "and if you will permit me I will adjust it," and then while Moan held up his chin for Blaisdell to rearrange the pin, which had not been disarranged at all, Nick could see that he said something to Moan in an undertone.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken," thought the detective, "Blaisdell did recognize me when I entered this saloon, and he is now telling Moan who I am. I wonder if the information will be communicated to Carrington?"

Evidently neither of the men thought of doing that, and it was a full minute before Moan turned so that he could see Nick; but then the detective met for one instant the flashing black eyes of the young fellow, leveled directly at him.

It was only an instant, and the glance was merely one that might have been bestowed upon any stranger in the room, but Nick understood it perfectly well.

Blaisdell at the same moment turned and shuffled out of the place, and as he opened the door to pass out Nick saw a person outside on the pavement whom he judged to be Patsy, although he obtained only the merest glance at him.

To Nick's surprise Harry Moan, the moment that Blaisdell was outside of the door, came directly across the room to where he was sitting, and, stopping in front of him, exclaimed:

"How are you, sir? Unless I am mistaken you are a stranger around here. It is our custom to treat strangers whenever they come here. What will you have?"

"Nothing, thank you," replied Nick; and then, with an expression of surprise on his face, he exclaimed: "Why, good evening, Mr. Carrington."

Carrington drew himself up stiffly and bowed coldly. Then, with a smile that was almost insulting, he replied:

"Good evening, Mr. Carter. I suppose my presence here accounts for yours."

"Quite the contrary," replied Nick. "When I came up-town to-night I had no idea that I should see you at all. Still, I am not surprised that you should think about it as you do, and I suppose you will doubt what I have said about it."

"Naturally."

"Well, you are quite at liberty to do so. Since you

dir ask
the sar think you need watching, perhaps it would be
ned b for me to suggest it to Mr. Hall. As a mat-
ct ife, later, I advised him to-day to take his men off."
k: Ca ord you, really, Mr. Carter? If you did that, I
l. You ry our pardon."
pan. "A ou are at liberty to ask him about it."
a "I s say, you two," Moan interrupted them, "how the
his c ckens does it happen that you know each other. I
ught——" He stopped, and Nick smiled.
ctre ve "Did you think, Mr. Moan, that Blaisdell misin-
re formed you?" he asked coolly; and Moan stared hard
Ni at him; and it was at that moment that Carrington in-
terrupted by saying:

"Let me make you acquainted, gentlemen. Mr. Carter, this is the friend of whom we were speaking to-day. Mr. Moan, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Carter."

Moan dropped upon a chair and pretended to laugh heartily, but that it was pretense the detective knew, although it was a splendid imitation.

"That's funny," he said presently. "I thought you were a stranger, and I was playing an old trick on you, Mr. Carter; and it turns out that you and Jimmy are old friends. Well, well, well! By the way, what was that you said about—er—who was it? Blaisdell? Oh, yes."

Nick looked the handsome young fellow straight in the eyes and replied slowly:

"I meant, Mr. Moan, that the old man who fixed your scarf-pin, which did not need fixing—the old man who told you in an undertone while he was doing so that Nick Carter, the detective, was seated at this table, was Percy Blaisdell, the confidence man, whom I exposed a little more than a month ago."

"What! That old duffer?" exclaimed Moan, with another laugh. "I thought that Blaisdell was a comparatively young man."

"So he is."

"Well, he certainly doesn't look it."

"He seems to be an old acquaintance of yours, Mr. Moan."

"Oh, I have known him on and off for a considerable time, but only because he comes into this place. I have met him at the bar here, and talked with him. I had no idea of what you say, and I was never more astonished in my life than when he spoke to me as he did. Won't you change your mind and have something to drink, Mr. Carter?"

"No, thank you. I am going now."

Nick bit his cigar, and, bowing slightly to the two young men, walked rapidly toward the door and passed outside upon the street before they realized that he was leaving them. But neither made any effort to call him back again, and both were no doubt glad that he had taken his departure.

He wondered what would be said about him after he left them; wondered if the fact of his presence there at all would not influence Carrington to tell his friend of the conversation at the bank that day; wondered what effect such a revelation would have upon the plots and plans of the conspirators; wondered if it would bring matters more quickly to a head than otherwise would have been the case, or if it would result in an entire change in them.

At least he had his telephone over which he would soon be advised, for he had no doubt that Harry Moan and Percy Blaisdell would get into conversation as soon as possible after what had happened.

But he left the two young men without a thought of turning back, for he did not much care what they did with themselves for the balance of the night.

His chief desire at that moment was to get back to the telephone and to hear what Blaisdell might have to say to the woman called Miriam, for that he would call her up as soon as he returned to his flat Nick had not a doubt.

He was not in the least prepared for what he did hear, however, when once more the receiver was fastened against his ear.

Blaisdell and the woman were already engaged in a conversation, and had doubtless been at it for some time; how long Nick had no means of knowing. He caught only the last half of the first utterance he heard. It was:

" . . . as quickly as you can. Don't wait a moment, Miriam, but get on the job. That Carter is a wise guy; he is wiser even than I thought. I got onto to the additional fact to-night, that he has changed men on me. There was another fellow—his assistant, Patsy, I think—on the lay for me to-night. Now you've got your instructions. Do you remember them?"

"Yes."

"Carry them out to the letter, both as to time and as to what you do. Much depends upon your part of it. All the rest is fixed. Can you pull it off?"

"Have I ever failed you yet, Percy?"

"No; but this is a different sort of a job. It takes a lot of nerve."

"I won't fail you. Wait! Stay at the phone and listen. I'll let the receiver hang down. Harry is coming in, and he has got Carrington with him. It is working out precisely as you said it would."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BANK-ROBBER.

Nick Carter who knew that Blaisdell was listening at his end of the wire, also kept the receiver at his own ears, for from all that had been said he had no doubt that new developments were in store.

What they were or what turn they would take he had no idea, but that the discovery of his own presence at the saloon that night had materially changed the plans of the plotters he was now certain.

It was only a moment after the last remark that Miriam made over the telephone, when he heard a door open and close, and then steps advancing along a corridor. Then another door was opened and closed, and the voice of Harry Moan called out:

"Hello, auntie; not in bed yet?"

"No, Harry. I was waiting for you. Why! You have brought Mr. Carrington back with you."

"Yes. He wants to see Blanche again; even wants her to get up to see him, if she has gone to bed. He says he has something to tell her that is of the greatest importance. I suppose she has gone to bed, hasn't she?"

"Long ago. I am very sorry, Mr. Carrington, but it will be impossible for you to see my niece again to-night. I wouldn't disturb her for the world. She was very tired when you returned from the theater, and she went at once to her room. Unless it is of the utmost importance——"

"It is, I assure you, Mrs. Carpenter. I must see her. Really I must; and I must see her alone. I had something to tell her to-night which is of the utmost importance to both of us, but I couldn't screw my courage up to that point. Now, after something that happened to-night it *must* be told."

There was a short silence after that. How Nick Carter did wish that he could see into the room as well as hear what was taking place there, for he could feel that a series of telegraphic signals was going on between Harry Moan and the woman behind the back of the young bank clerk. And then the silence was broken by the voice of Harry Moan.

"Ah, well," he said, "if it is as serious as all that, Jimmy. I'll call Blanche myself. You stay here with auntie. I'll be back in a minute."

"Tell her, please," said Carrington, "that I must see her first alone; quite alone. After that, if she chooses to take others into her confidence she can do so."

"All right, old chap. I'll tell her."

Nick could hear him leave the room, and after only a murmur of voices, too low for him to catch distinctly or else they were too far away from the transmitter. Evidently the talk between Miriam and Carrington did not amount to much, or she would have held him nearer to the transmitter so that Blaisdell could hear.

Then Harry Moan's voice came again, calling into the room evidently through the door which he had not opened.

"Blanche is getting up," he said. "I'll let you know when she is ready. In the meantime I am going to my own room. I'll be back presently."

There was quite a long wait after that.

The two in the room together evidently had very little to say to each other, for it was only an occasional word that Nick heard between them; it was nearly twenty minutes later before the door opened again, and Nick could hear the swish of skirts as Blanche Moan entered that room.

"Blanche, will you forgive me for disturbing you?" Nick heard Carrington exclaim. "I would not have done it—I would not have dared to do it, only that it is of the utmost importance. But I must see you alone, if your aunt will pardon me."

"Oh, certainly," replied Miriam. "You may stay right here in this room where you are. I will go and find Harry."

Again the door opened and closed; again there was an interval of silence, and then the voice of Carrington:

"Blanche, will you forgive me for rousing you?"

"Why, of course, foolish boy!" was the laughing reply. Nick was startled by it. If he had not positively known differently, by reason of all the circumstances as well as the words he had overheard, he could have sworn that it was still Harry and not his sister who was speaking. Perhaps the voice was a shade less heavy; Nick could not have sworn as to that; or possibly Harry's voice was not a heavy one. He remembered in that moment that it was not.

"I have something of the utmost importance to tell you, Blanche. Something of the utmost importance to ask you to do. Upon the answer that you make me, everything depends; even my life, and the answer must be made at once."

"Dear me, Jimmy, what can it be?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

"Have you so soon forgotten what you suggested

ast night, that I should do? Have you forgotthink what you asked me——"

for me. Goodness! Do you suppose for a moment that I fact, I was serious?"

you, 'Weren't you?"

ur pa "Not really."

u are "Do you mean to say that you put all that idea ay, into my head without being serious about it? Do you s dmean that you told me exactly how it could be done, it—and planned out all that you and I should do immedid ately after it, and were not serious about it?" he d asked, with a touch of anger in his tones.

"Well," she seemed to hesitate in her reply, "perhaps I was—partly—serious about it, Jimmy. Perhaps I was."

"Blanche, I want you to say that you were entirely so."

"Why?"

"Because I do."

"That is a woman's reason."

"It is a man's reason just now."

"I would say it, Jimmy, only—only I am afraid that you will not like me as well if you thought I was really serious about such a thing as that. But, really, I was quite serious. You toil and work like a slave all the time with only a pittance of salary to pay you for it; and all the time there is all that money within your reach. It seems like a crime against you to make you do that constantly, for the little pay you get. And I thought—I thought——"

"You thought when you suggested it that if I did what you said, we could go away together and—well, I need not go over the entire ground again. We could be married at once, and then find our happiness in each other ever after. Blanche, do you still feel that way?"

"Yes."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes."

"In deadly earnest?"

"Yes, Jimmy, I am."

"Suppose I should do it to-morrow. Heaven knows I have chance enough! Suppose I should do it to-morrow, would you be willing to meet me on the steps in front of the bank at half-past three to-morrow afternoon, and go away with me, and not let anybody else know anything about your plans?"

She murmured something in reply, which the detective could not hear, although he knew, of course, that it was an assent to his questions; and Carrington continued:

"Suppose it were already done—suppose it were done now—suppose I did it to-day instead of waiting till to-morrow—suppose I had it in my pocket now, this minute, would you leave the house with me *now* and go away with me? Answer me that."

"Why, Jimmy, what in the world do you mean?"

"I mean just what I have said. Answer the question, please."

"Of course I would go."

"If I had all that money in my possession right now, would you go with me out through that door yonder, and escape with me? Would you do that?"

"I don't half-understand you, Jimmy. Do you mean that you *have* done it? Do you mean that you have got the money now?"

"I mean only what you hear me say. I am putting you to the test."

"Do you think that you need to do that?"

"Yes. That is why I do it."

"You are cruel."

"No; I am not. At least I don't mean to be so. But I want to know. Suppose I had that money here with me now; suppose I had it in my pocket this minute, two or three hundred thousand dollars in cash, would you, could you, leave the house with me in defiance of your aunt and your brother?"

"Faugh!" she snapped her fingers so that Nick heard it. "That for my brother, or my aunt, either, Jimmy. I don't let either of them tell me what I shall do and what I shall not do. I am my own mistress. You have seen enough of me to know that. I only wish you *did* have the money with you now. I'd show you how quickly I would call your bluff." She laughed. "That sounds like Harry, doesn't it?"

"Very much. You are strangely alike in some things, Blanche."

"No wonder, when we are twins."

"I know."

"But you *haven't* got the money *now*, have you, Jimmy?"

"Would you go with me if I had it?"

"Yes."

"Prove it."

"How?"

"By getting your hat. There it is, over there on the piano where you left it when I brought you home from the theater. Put it on."

"Why, Jimmy! You talk so strangely."

"Put it on, I say, if you mean what you are saying."

"Well, then, watch me. But it seems so foolish.

Do you really mean that you want me to go with you now? That you have the money with you? Do you really mean that?"

"I am testing you, I tell you. I want to see how far you will go, and then, when I have seen, I will tell you all about it. You see, Blanche, Nick Carter, the detective, was there at the bank to-day. I am suspected for the loss of that fourteen hundred dollars. I tried to turn suspicion upon Crane, but I don't think it worked. But Carter succeeded in pulling the wool over my eyes for the time being, and I would have gone back to the bank to-day—it's morning now, isn't it?—if that detective hadn't shown up on my track to-night. It gave me a shock. I really don't believe that I can get through another day without being arrested, and I'd kill myself rather than submit to that. That is just how the situation stands."

"But, Jimmy, if you don't go back to the bank to-morrow, how are you going to get the money to take us away?"

"We are going away to-night. We are not going to wait till to-morrow."

"But the money, Jimmy?"

"Are you ready to go? Have you got your things on?"

"Yes."

"Come on, then. I've got the money. I've got it on my person. More than you asked me to get. There, now, you know. Open that door and go out into the hall as quietly as you can, for if you refuse now, Blanche, I will kill you. See!"

CHAPTER VII.

A NIGHT OF SURPRISES.

The last word used by Carrington in addressing his sweetheart was an exclamation. It was as if he called her attention to something after making the threat that Nick heard over the telephone, and its meaning was as plain to the detective as if he had been there in that room to see what happened.

He had not the slightest doubt that the expression "See!" was to call the attention of Blanche to the fact that he had a weapon of some sort with which to carry out his threat if she should drive him to the point of doing so.

That here was at last decidedly a new development in the affair, and one which demanded the immediate attention of the detective.

He had no doubt that Carrington had spoken the truth when he told Blanche that he had the money on him and was ready to escape then and there.

Without waiting to hear more, he threw aside the receiver from his ear and started to his feet; then he seized his hat and darted out of the flat and down the many flights of stairs toward the street, realizing that he must lose no time if he would arrive at the house from which Carrington and Blanche were making their escape—if he would arrive there in time to intercept them, or to follow; and he was not certain yet which he would decide to do.

The detective was not unmindful of the fact that Blaisdell had also heard all that conversation, and he had no doubt that the confidence man would likewise lose no time in arriving on the scene.

He realized that Blaisdell's cupidity would be excited to the point of breaking, knowing as he did that Carrington had the cash in his possession which he had been working so hard to handle himself.

The address where the Moans lived was three and a half blocks below, or south of the flat where Patsy had installed the telephone, and Blaisdell had rather farther to go than Nick did to arrive on the scene. The time was nearly two in the morning.

When the detective dashed from the house into the street he nearly collided with a policeman who was passing, and the officer stopped him.

"Here!" he called out. "Where are you going so fast, at this time of night?"

Nick stopped. There was nothing else to do; but he paused for a moment only, and yet he knew that every second was precious.

With a quick motion he pulled out one suspender to which was attached a special badge, which the commissioner permitted him to wear, and at the same time he said:

"Officer, I am Nick Carter. Don't stop me, please; but if you should see another man running down this way, stop him and detain *him* just as long as you conveniently can without actually arresting him. I don't want you to do that."

"All right, Mr. Carter," was the reply; and Nick dashed onward again, having been detained not more than half a dozen seconds.

But even that much he feared might be fatal to what he wished to do. He realized that if Carrington and Blanche should succeed in getting away from him, if they had happened to get a car the moment they left the house, or if possibly Carrington, anticipating the

one, had had a taxicab in waiting, it would an easy matter to get trace of them again.

had already seen enough of Carrington to know under all his staid and sober qualities, he was and farseeing; that he was gifted with rather arkable self-possession, and that if driven to a ner he would be a hard man to contend with.

Nick figured that from the time he dropped the tele- hone and dashed for the street, until the instant of his arrival before the house where the conversation he had overheard had taken place, not more than six or seven minutes could have elapsed; and yet much, very much, indeed, can happen in six or seven minutes.

He reached the door of the house and stopped.

There was not a sign of life around him more than is always evident in the streets of a great city; certainly there was no evidence of Carrington or of Blanche being near.

He looked back over the track he had come, half-expecting to see Blaisdell running toward him; but he could see nobody save the policeman with whom he had talked for a moment, and the officer was standing where he had left him, looking up the avenue, watching for that other man to whom Nick had referred.

For a moment the detective was at a loss whether to wait at the door until some one came out, or to enter the house and climb to the flat on the top floor, where the Moans and Mrs. Carpenter lived.

But it was only a moment of indecision; then he entered the doorway—the door, fortunately, had not latched when it was closed—and he ran up the stairs, two at a time, at full speed.

There were four flights of stairs to mount in this manner, and as he reached the top of the last one he came face to face with a woman who was hurrying out.

A light was burning in the hall, and by it Nick Carter recognized the face of the woman instantly. She was one of the two he had seen in Paris in company with Blaisdell when he followed Captain Chester Lloyd there in the Coddington case.*

"I will trouble you to wait a moment, Mrs. Carpenter—or Mrs. Blaisdell, which I suppose is your right name," he said. "Go back into your flat."

She halted, and started backward. Then she raised her right hand and at the same instant the detective started back with a cry of pain, for the woman had thrown half a teacupful of pepper squarely into his face.

The act had been as sudden as it was unexpected.

* See Nick Carter Weekly No. 625.

Evidently the woman had feared that she might be stopped, and had paused long enough to prepare herself for such a contingency before attempting to leave the house.

Did you ever get pepper in your eyes? ever so little of it? If you have you will realize what the agony was that Nick Carter suffered in that first moment.

And he did not get much of a dose, either. He saw the act of the woman when she raised her right hand, and he knew because of his long experience what it portended; he therefore closed his eyes.

But even that did not save him entirely, although it protected him somewhat from the effect of what she did.

But even as it was he received enough of the pepper to blind him momentarily, and to cause him excruciating suffering—and, more than that, to give the woman time to dash past him down the stairs while he held fast to the balustrade, coughing and sneezing so that it was for the time being utterly impossible for him to pursue her.

He did not know—he never could know—just how long a time it was before he was able to take up the pursuit; and even then he could hardly see at all, and he sneezed with almost every step he took.

Doubtless it was two or three, perhaps four, minutes after the woman threw the pepper before he was able to follow her; no one other than Nick Carter would have had the courage to do so even then; but he did leap down the stairs into the street—and once again almost into the arms of the same police officer.

"Where is she?" gasped Nick, between sneezes.

"Gone," replied the officer. "There is no use in your running after them now, Mr. Carter, because they have gotten away good and clean. What's the matter?"

"Pepper," was the laconic reply.

"In your eyes?"

"Yes; but not very much. I'll soon get over it. The smarting is less even now."

"Did the woman do it?"

"Yes. Where is she?"

"I was waiting up there for the other fellow you spoke about, Mr. Carter, but he didn't show up. I had seen another man running down the avenue a few minutes before, and I came to the conclusion that he was the man you referred to. Then I turned my head in this direction just in time to see you go into this house. For a moment longer I hesitated, and then I decided to follow you. I ran in this direction, but

I was still a block away when the woman—that is, a woman—came out of this door on the jump."

"Go on. Go on. Where did she go? What did she do?"

"She seemed to know exactly where to go and what to do. She turned toward the next corner below, and I after her on the run. I called to her to stop, but she paid no attention to me whatever, and while I was still a block away she turned the corner and disappeared."

"And then?"

"I ran on after her; but even as I did so I heard the noise of an automobile around the corner—and I got to it just in time to see a motor-car turn out of that street into Broadway. I could see also that there were three people in it."

"Three! There should have been four at least; there should really have been five," exclaimed the detective.

"There were only three that I could see; a man and two women. But I only had a glimpse of them."

"Which way did they turn?"

"South."

"The man was running the car, I suppose?"

"Yes. How are your eyes now, Mr. Carter?"

"Better. Never mind my eyes. I can't understand there being only three people in that car. Where was the man who ran past you before I came out of that other house?"

"Why, he was the same man who was running the car."

"What!"

"Did you expect it to be some one else?"

"I certainly did. Come, officer; come with me to the flat up-stairs. There is no use in trying to chase that automobile; we will have to follow in another manner; but we can find out what has been left behind in the flat up-stairs."

"Yes."

"There should be at least two people up there now, unless they got out——"

"They didn't do that, I know."

"How do you know?"

"Because just before I met you the first time, I had come up the avenue. If any one had come out of this place I would have seen that person."

"Well, come on."

Nick's convulsions of sneezing had ceased by this time, and, although his eyes still smarted badly, he could see, and they were momentarily getting better.

He led the way up the stairs, the officer following close behind him. The light still burned in the top hallway, and there was enough popper sti about to cause them both to sneeze anew.

The door of the flat was closed and locked, and Carter did not stop to open it with his pick-lock stead, he smashed it open with his right foot, and two men entered together.

Their entrance was into the parlor—and utter da ness, save for the light that came from the dim one the hall; but even that was sufficient to betray to Nic Carter another and an entirely unexpected develop ment in the case.

Stretched upon his back in the middle of the floor of the parlor of the flat was the form of James Carrington, and even in that dim light the detective could see a deep gash on the bank teller's head where he had been struck down with some sort of a weapon.

Beside him on the floor was a heavy cane, and there was no doubt that the blow had been dealt with that.

CHAPTER VIII.

NICK CARTER DEFIES A RUFFIAN.

The detective realized at once that Carrington was not dead; he was breathing, though heavily.

"A physician is the first necessity here, officer," he said. "Run outside and call an ambulance, and get it here as quickly as you can. I'll bind my handkerchief around Carrington's head to stop the flow of blood a little. There is nothing else that can be done for him before the doctor gets here. And there may be two patients, too. There should be another man here in this flat. Hurry!"

The officer dashed away, and Nick busied himself for a moment in binding a handkerchief over Carrington's wound. That done, he began an examination of the apartment.

But there was no other person there whatever.

Harry Moan had disappeared, as well as the two women, and Blaisdell, whom he had no doubt had arrived there before the detective got into the street at all from the flat where he had overheard the telephone-talk.

But how had they accomplished it? How had they gotten so cleanly away in such a short time?

He returned to the room where Carrington was and stood studying the stricken man, and after a manner he began to understand what had happened.

Carrington's coat had been literally torn off him. His waistcoat had been pulled open so violently that

buttons were stripped from it. His shirt n down the front; his pockets, without an excep- ere turned wrong side out. It was only too t that after being knocked down with the cane d been robbed.

e had confessed to Blanche Moan that he had a t sum of money on his person. Blaisdell had rd that confession as well as Nick, for he, too, was tening at the telephone.

But he had not waited as long as Nick Carter did act.

Doubtless the moment Blaisdell realized that Carrington had the money with him, he had abandoned the telephone and hurried down the avenue to the other flat and had arrived there just at the very moment when Carrington would have persuaded Blanche to escape with him; or have compelled her to do so at the point of a pistol.

Nick could almost see what had happened.

He could imagine that Carrington had gone to the door, opened it, and had found himself face to face with Blaisdell, and the latter had raised his cane and dealt the blow, even before Carrington realized who it was.

Either that, or Harry Moan had entered from another room and done so.

But the cane! Nick took it from the floor and looked at it more closely, and then he saw that it was the very same cane that Blaisdell had carried in his hand when he was in the Dorning saloon a few blocks up the avenue, earlier in the night.

He was still studying this aspect of the case when the officer returned, having summoned the ambulance.

"Officer," he said, "what kind of a looking chap was that fellow who passed you on the street?"

"Old man. White hair and whiskers, a regular Santa Claus," was the reply.

"Humph! And the man you saw at the wheel in the automobile, a little later?"

"The same. I could see his whiskers waving behind him."

"And are you positive that there was not a second man there?"

"There wasn't, unless he was lying low in the tonneau where I could not see him."

"There would be no reason for his doing that."

"Then he wasn't there."

"Did you see any one go out of the door, before I came in?"

"No; not a soul."

Suddenly Nick uttered an exclamation, and the officer asked him what was the matter.

"I just happened to remember something, that's all," he replied. "I remembered that one of my assistants would not have been far off. Didn't you see another man, not far behind the old fellow—eh?"

"Yes; on the opposite side of the street. But I didn't take much notice of him. He wasn't the sort that I thought you would be looking for."

"What became of him?"

"I don't know."

"That was Patsy Garvan, my second assistant. His instructions were not to lose sight of the fellow who was disguised as an old man—and he won't. But he could not have known that there was any cause for immediate arrest. He was not paying any attention to the bunch in this flat. Hark; there is the ambulance. Go down the stairs and meet the doctor, officer."

The ambulance-surgeon was in the room presently, and after a moment of examination of the stricken man, he said:

"It is rather a serious blow, Mr. Carter. I must take the man to the hospital before I attempt to do anything for him. I must get him there at once. It looks to me like a fracture of the skull which may result in death. Friend of yours?"

"Yes. I wish him to have the very best of care. I want everything possible done for him, and no expense spared, if expense is at all necessary. I will go to the hospital in the morning, or I may follow you there a little later. Can I depend upon you to give him every attention?"

"You may, sir."

Carrington was carried down the stairs then, and put in the ambulance, but Nick remained in the flat to search for whatever might be found there to afford him any additional clue to the destination of the people who had left it so hurriedly.

But he found nothing; not a thing of any importance.

It was plain that the people had taken the flat only temporarily, and that they had no intention of remaining there. There was not even a trunk in the place.

It had doubtless been taken solely for the purpose of using it in the campaign against Carrington, and that Mrs. "Carpenter" had another place of refuge to which she could take herself at a moment's notice, was apparent.

The detective turned off the lights presently, and, with the officer, descended the stairs to the street.

"Officer," he said, when they paused there together, "do you know Dorning's saloon, near here?"

"Sure."

"Do you know Dorning?"

"Yes. I know him well."

"Who and what is he?"

"He's a bad one, Mr. Carter. He has some sort of a pull down-town among the politicians, so that we don't dare do much against him for fear of being transferred to another precinct; so we shut our eyes. But if one were to follow the man up a little, it wouldn't take a very smart chap to put him away."

"Is he one of the sort who keeps his back door open all night?"

"On the level, he is, although I am not supposed to know that."

"Then it is more than likely that he is open for business now, isn't it?"

"I don't think there is a doubt of it, sir."

"Well, I want to see him. I am going up there."

"You can't get inside unless he knows you."

"I am going inside, even if I have to break down the door."

"That would be about as much as your life is worth, Mr. Carter."

"I am going there just the same; and I'm going inside, too. If you like, you can come with me."

"That would be fatal, anyhow, so far as your getting inside is concerned. The instant Dorning saw my uniform he'd close that door and bolt it. He might let *you* in alone."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do."

"Yes, sir."

"I will go on up the street ahead of you. You stop at the first patrol telephone-box on the way and call up the station-house. Tell the lieutenant in charge what has happened; tell him where I have gone and that I would appreciate it very much if he would send two or more officers to stand outside the side door of the saloon in case they are wanted. You can tell him also that this case I am working on is a special one for the commissioner, and that it wouldn't be healthy for him to refuse my request. Tell him also that there won't be any row unless Dorning makes it; but if he does, he'll get all that's coming to him."

"I'll tell him."

"If the lieutenant will let you go there, it would be well, because you know what has happened already. That is all, I think."

"I'll follow along anyhow, Mr. Carter. You can rely upon me."

"All right."

Nick hurried onward then, and presently arrived at the saloon in question.

Outwardly it had the appearance of being closed to the public, but here and there a faint streak of illumination could be seen, and Nick knew there were still persons inside the place.

The side door was bolted and fastened, and there was not even a streak of light to be seen there, and so the detective passed on to the rear of the building where he presently discovered a door through the fence.

He pushed upon that to find that it was also locked, and although there was a button beside it which evidently communicated with an electric bell, he did not make use of it. Instead, he sprang upward, seized the top of the high fence, pulled himself up, and in another moment dropped into the yard in the rear of the saloon.

He turned then and pulled back the spring-lock which fastened the doorway through the fence, and he sprung the catch upon it so that it remained unlocked. Then he stepped boldly forward toward the rear door of the building.

This was not fastened, as he presently discovered, and he pushed it open and entered, finding himself in a dark hallway, but near a door at the side from beyond which he could hear the sound of voices.

He turned the knob of the door, pushed it open, and entered; and instantly every eye in the place was turned in his direction, while Dorning himself who was there, leaped to his feet with a curse.

"How the blazes did *you* get in here?" he demanded, moving forward toward Nick, and with a threatening air.

"Don't get gay, Dorning," said the detective coolly. "I just came in, that's all."

"Well, get out! I don't want you here. Get out or I'll throw you out. I know who you are, and you're not wanted here. Skidoo, or by the——"

"Dorning, I came here to see you, and to talk with you. I want to ask you some questions which you have got to answer. If you refuse——"

"*Got* to answer? Do you hear that?" addressing the others; and he laughed leeringly. "You don't know Mike Dorning, I guess—but you'll know him all right before you are much older."

He laughed again, and then before Nick realized what he intended to do, he had pulled a blackjack from one of his pockets, and made a leap forward, straight at the detective.

And as he did so the other men in the room started

...et and also rushed the lone man who faced ...ravely.

...s a moment of peril, and none knew it better ...ck Carter.

CHAPTER IX.

NICK CARTER FACES REAL DANGER.

Nine men out of ten under the same circumstances, ...uld have drawn a weapon, but not so with Nick ...arter, although he had his two spring-guns up his ...leeves, which the readers of these histories know that he could have thrown into his hands on the instant; and besides those he had the regular two that he always carried with him when working at his profession.

But he did not exhibit any of them; he did not think it necessary, and certainly it was not his policy to do so if the necessity could be avoided.

When Mike Dorning rushed him he did it with a suddenness and a vigor which would have overwhelmed another man than the detective; but Nick merely took a step backward, and then made a sudden leap forward.

In doing so he succeeded in catching the wrist of the advancing man, the wrist of the hand that held the blackjack; and he gave it a wrench which brought a cry of pain from the saloon-keeper, and which sent the blackjack flying across the room.

Then he seized the other wrist of the man, and, using his great strength, wrenched them both so fiercely that he brought Dorning to his knees on the instant.

The other men in the place—there were about half a score of them—paused; they had never seen the invincible Dorning handled in just that way before, and they were rather dismayed.

Nick perceived his advantage, and seized upon it on the instant.

"Get back, all of you!" he called out sharply, still holding Dorning so that he could not rise from his knees. "This is no raid. I don't mean any of you any harm; not the slightest. I came here to have a talk with Mike, and I'm going to have it, and the man who dares to interfere with me will find himself in trouble."

He still stood holding Dorning so that the man was utterly helpless, and one by one the men who had started in to rescue the saloon-keeper, subsided into their chairs; but they were scowling fiercely, and more than one hand sought a pocket where a weapon was concealed.

In the meantime, Dorning, perceiving that he was helpless in the grasp of the detective, said nothing. He even ceased to struggle, for he realized that it was useless to do so. He had heard what the detective said, that no trouble for himself was intended, and now he said:

"Be quiet, boys. I guess it's all right. This man is one who keeps his word. If he says there isn't any trouble afoot, he means it. Now, Carter, if you'll let up on that grip of yours, I'll talk with you, since that is what you seem to want."

"Before I let go," said Nick, "I want to give you a bit of advice. Don't try any treachery with me, for it won't work."

"I won't. When I say I won't, you can believe me."

"Get up, then. I'm not alone in this affair. There are others outside; but they won't come in, or try to do so, unless they are wanted."

"Well, what do you want of me? Do you want to see me alone?"

"No; I'll talk with you in the presence of these others—and any one of you who happens to have the best information on the subjects I shall introduce, may answer."

"Say, Carter, these ain't the sort of chaps who give their pals away, if that's what you're looking for," said Dorning.

"You'll know what I am looking for in a moment. Sit over there, Mike. I'll stay here, near the door; and look!" he threw his concealed weapons into his hands just for an instant, so that all the men in the room could see them, and then, releasing them, they disappeared on the instant again. "You see that I am not unprepared, so you will do well, all of you, to be civil and pleasant. I told the lieutenant to-night, or sent word to him, that there wouldn't be any trouble here unless you made it. I meant it, too."

"All right. It's your lead. What's trumps?"

"A fellow by the name of Moan. You remember when I was in your place shortly after midnight?"

"Well, rather."

"It surprised you a little, didn't it?"

"Yes, it did."

"How well do you know Moan?"

"I don't know him at all."

"Don't lie to me, Mike. It won't do."

"Well, I don't know him at all, and that's the truth. He has been coming into my place for a couple of weeks—no longer than that, on the level. He sits in a game up-stairs once in a while, and he's a fresh guy; that's all I know about him."

"Has he been in here since the time when I left him here with the young fellow you saw me talking to?"

"No."

"Have you ever heard him say anything about any other hang-out he has?"

"Not a word; he's about as close-mouthed as any chap I ever saw."

"What do you know about the old fellow who was standing at the bar when Moan came in?"

"Not a thing. I haven't seen him more than twice before to-night—on the level."

While Nick was asking Dorning these questions, he did not lose sight of the other men in the room, and he noticed that one of them gave a slight start when the name of Harry Moan was first mentioned. Now, he wheeled suddenly and faced that man, and as he did so he recalled a remark he had heard over the telephone that night, when he was listening the first time.

He determined to try a little bluff, and, as he wheeled, he pointed his finger directly at the man in question, and exclaimed:

"Your name is Frazer, isn't it?"

The man started almost to his feet, and then sank back upon his chair again, white and visibly frightened. He did not reply.

"Your name is Frazer, isn't it?" the detective repeated sternly.

"Well, suppose it is; what of it?" was the surly reply.

"You will do well to keep a civil tongue in your head when I speak to you, Frazer; and I will remind you again of what I said a little bit ago—that I didn't come here to-night to make trouble for anybody."

"What did you come for, then?"

"I came for information, and I'm going to have it. If you wish to keep out of trouble, you'll give it to me, for I know that you've got it."

"What do you want to know?"

"I want to know where I can find Harry Moan between now and daylight."

"Who in thunder is Harry Mo——"

"Stop that, Frazer! You know who Harry Moan is. It's cough up your information, or come with me. Take it or leave it. You understand that sort of talk."

"Better give up, Frazer," said Dorning. "Maybe you don't know that you're talking to Nick Carter; but you are."

This time Frazer fairly leaped from his chair; and as he did so he drew a revolver from his pocket; but before he had time to level it or to pull the trigger, Dorning sprang forward and knocked it from his hand.

"None uh that in *my* place, you rat!" he cri fiercely. "You blooming fool, don't you know there are half a dozen cops outside waiting for C I'll cave your block in if you try on that sort of g again. Now give up what you know. Moan ain' my crowd, and I ain't got any call to protect him nor you either, for that matter."

"I don't know anything about Moan," was the sullen reply; and then he turned fiercely toward the detective, and added: "And if I did, I wouldn't tell you."

"I suppose you are equally ignorant about his sister, aren't you?" asked Nick.

A slow grin took the place of the scowl on Frazer's face, and he replied:

"No; I don't know anything about her, either."

Nick realized that the man would not talk, and that he could not be made to do so. There was nothing that the detective knew for which Frazer could be placed under arrest, and he saw that his visit to the saloon must go for naught after all. Dorning knew nothing, that was evident, and what Frazer knew he would not tell. Nick hesitated for a moment, and then he said:

"Frazer, I know who you are and what you are, even though your picture isn't in the gallery. But it's going to be there. I am going to send you to the station-house to spend the night, and in the morning you will be taken to headquarters to have your picture taken. You won't be any use to Blaisdell after that. He don't need men in his work who have their pictures in the gallery. As soon as your phiz is on record there, you can go, unless I find something against you in the meantime. Mike, have I your permission to take him, on condition that he is permitted to go in the morning?"

"Sure. I ain't got no interest in him."

"Now, Frazer, it's up to you. Tell me what I want to know, and I'll leave you here. Refuse, and it's yours for the station-house, and for a picture in the morning. Which will you have, Frazer?"

The man did not reply. He sat silently and sullenly in his chair at the table; but there was murder in his heart. He would have done the detective an injury at that moment, had he possessed the ability.

"I'll ask the rest of you to step across the room to the opposite side," said the detective, after a moment.

They arose without a word and did as he directed; and when Frazer was alone at the table, Nick added:

"Now, Frazer, get up and go out at that door. You know the way out as well as I. Get up, I say!"

"I won't!"

ot no farther than that.

one leap the detective was upon him. He him with one hand by the neck-band of his snatched him out of his chair and sent him ling across the room with such violence that he hed against the closed door and nearly fell.

"Go on, now," ordered the detective. "If you offer turn around I'll hand you one under the ear that ou'll remember. Good night, Mike."

"Good night, Mr. Carter," replied Dorning. "I guess you play square all right."

"You'll find that I do, when you know me better. I want you to find out something about Moan for me, if you can; and if you do, let me know."

"I will."

The detective closed the door after him and followed Frazer into the yard; then he pointed to the door through the fence and told him to open it; and then they stepped out upon the street where four policemen were waiting in utter silence.

But there was a fifth man there also—Jenks; and Nick was more pleased to see him than he would have confessed to himself even.

On the instant that he saw Jenks in the background, he altered his plans about Frazer. He thought of a better one.

With a quick motion he stepped forward and seized Frazer by the nape of the neck; then he ran him up the street as far as the corner, where he administered one hearty kick against him.

"Get out of here!" he called out. "I don't want even your picture," and as Frazer took to his heels, glad to be released, Nick turned to Jenks and added:

"Jenks, don't stop to tell me anything now. Follow that fellow. Trace him down, and the minute you know where he goes, telephone me at the house. I am going there now."

"Very good, sir," replied Jenks stolidly.

CHAPTER X.

THE MISSING CASH.

Nick Carter thanked the officers who had come there to be in readiness to serve him, if it should be necessary, then sprang upon a passing car and hurried home. He felt that his work in that part of the city was finished for that one night at least, and that it was high time it was so. The time was already after three o'clock in the morning.

Nevertheless, when he entered his house, he found Joseph awaiting him.

"Why, Joseph," he said, "how is it that you are not in bed?"

"I had a message to deliver to you, sir, as soon as you should come in. From Patsy, sir."

"Well, what is it?"

"I was to tell you that he is on the track of Blaisdell, who has taken an automobile, and who has two other persons with him, both women; and that Patsy would telephone again as soon as there was anything to say."

"Good! Is that all?"

"Yes, sir; save that Mr. Jenks telephoned in two hours or more ago to say that he had important information for you as soon as you should arrive. He would not tell me what it was, but said that he would call up again."

"And I saw Jenks, and would not let him say a word," mused the detective, as he ascended the stairs. "He is almost too literal in obeying orders. He might have stopped long enough to give me the information—only I ordered him not to do so."

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour when Nick Carter retired he was astir again before seven in the morning, and as soon as he was dressed he called up Benjamin Hall, the president of the bank where Carrington was employed.

"Do you know if any more of the funds of the bank were missing when you closed, last night, Mr. Hall?" he inquired.

"No; but I think not."

"I am inclined to believe that you will discover differently when you go to the bank," said the detective. "I think that your relative, Carrington, left the institution fairly well heeled, yesterday."

"What makes you think that, Carter?"

"I'd rather not explain over the telephone; but if you like I will meet you at the bank when you are ready to go down-town."

"I am going now—in a very few minutes."

"What time does you time-lock, where the cash is kept, throw off, Mr. Hall?"

"At nine o'clock."

"Then I will meet you at the door of the bank a few minutes before nine; and, will you let me make a suggestion?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"I would advise that you should be the first one to enter the vault when it is opened. If I am not greatly mistaken you will discover a very substantial

loss. If you are the first one to know about it, you can keep it a secret, if you care to do so."

"Thank you. But you make me very uneasy."

"I think there is good reason, otherwise I would not have disturbed you."

"Thank you again. At the bank, then?"

"Yes; a few minutes before nine."

When the detective was about to leave the house he said to Joseph:

"If Patsy calls up, tell him to give you all the information he has, so that you can repeat it to me."

"Yes, sir."

"If Jenks should call over the phone, tell him to come here to the house and wait for me, or until he hears from me."

"Very well, sir."

The detective then went to the bank, arriving there ten minutes before nine; and he found that Mr. Hall was already there, awaiting with impatience the moment when the time-lock of the cash-vault should throw off its tumblers so that it could be opened.

In as few words as possible Nick explained to him all that had happened the preceding night, and gave the reason for believing that a substantial loss would be discovered.

"It is my idea," he told the president of the bank, "that Carrington worked that old trick of dropping the cash into a satchel or a suit-case, and afterward carrying it out of the bank with him. If that is so, he must have gotten away with considerable. I have telephoned to the hospital this morning, but he has not recovered consciousness, and the doctor doesn't much think he ever will; so we cannot expect much help from that quarter."

"I suppose not. I remember now that he did have a satchel here at the bank; but it has been here several weeks."

"Doubtless. In readiness for this very move."

"It is rather too bad that you advised me to take my own men off him, isn't it?" asked the president.

"No. I don't think it would have made any material difference. But whatever the loss is, we will recover the money, Mr. Hall. Patsy is on the track of the people who have it; and Patsy doesn't know how to let go."

"Come, Carter. It is one minute of nine."

They went together to the door of the vault where several of the employees were also waiting, but it was noticeable that Carrington was not there. One of the men spoke about it.

"Gentlemen," said the president, speaking slowly, "in relation to what I am about to say, I mus mand your silence—absolutely. I have reason to t that we have met with a serious loss. What th tent of it will be I do not know, but whatever it will be recovered; but in the meanwhile not a word any person who is not present here now."

They assented, and he continued:

"Mr. Carrington is the man who will be responsible for whatever loss there is, but he has not got the money. He was seriously injured last night, and now lies at the point of death at a hospital. Ah! there goes the lock. I will ask you all to stand back, now. I will open the vault myself."

He did so.

He threw the huge door back, and then worked the combination of the inner door; and presently disappeared inside the vault.

Hall remained a long time lost to view save by those who stood directly in front of the safe door; but after a while he emerged, his face pale and his eyes troubled.

"It is worse than I supposed," he said. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars are missing. It is a large sum, gentlemen, but we can stand it if we have to. Now, not a word. Go on with your duties as if nothing had happened. There will be cash enough for the opening of business. Later, I will supply the deficiency."

"I think I know how it was accomplished, sir," said one of the employees; but Hall raised one hand to command silence, and said:

"Mr. Brinkerhoff, it doesn't matter in the least *how* it was done. It is sufficient for the present that it has been done. Let it go at that. We know that the money is gone, and we know who took it out of the bank. The point now is to recover it, and while that is being done, to say nothing whatever about it. I don't wish any person save those who are present here, now, to know anything about it. That will do for the present."

The detective followed the president of the bank into his private office, where Mr. Hall asked:

"There is no doubt, is there, that those people got all the money when they assaulted poor Carrington, last night?"

"Not the slightest, in my opinion," replied Nick.

"And you say that one of your assistants is closely upon their track?"

"Yes; I have good reason to believe so."

"When do you expect that he will communicate with you again?"

as soon as there is anything positive to com-
te."

t you have no idea when that will be?"

aturally I have not."

When he does so, will you let me know about it?"

I will keep you informed of everything that hap-
s, which would be of interest to you. But I take
that the most important thing just now is the re-
overy of the money?"

"No, it isn't! Not by a long shot, Mr. Carter!" exclaimed the bank president, bringing his fist down emphatically on the desk in front of him. "I'd almost give the entire sum to know that those people who have been instrumental in inducing Carrington to do this thing, were behind the bars and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment."

"That's the way to talk, Mr. Hall. If all other men in your position felt that way, the world would be the better for it. The trouble is that too many of them are willing to compromise rather than lose a few dollars."

"Well, that isn't my style, as you now know."

"Yes."

"Find those people, Mr. Carter. Arrest them, and convict them, and you will find that I will not be ungrateful."

The detective left the bank and hastened home—and he was surprised and for a moment somewhat dismayed to find Patsy there awaiting him. He had come in only a few minutes before, and he looked rather crestfallen, too.

"What is the matter, Patsy? Did you lose them?" asked Nick, who knew that he had done so, from the expression of his face.

"Yes. They got away from me," replied Patsy. "I only know one thing about them now, and that is that they are somewhere here, in the city."

"How do you know that?"

"I know because they doubled back on their trail."

"Tell me about it. Tell me how you managed to trail them at all. I know that they had a big motor-car, but I don't know how you managed to follow them."

"I did it because I had Danny and your big car with me. Fortunately I had left it on the next corner below where they got into their car. You see, I wasn't watching the others. I knew nothing whatever about them. I was standing across the street, opposite Blaisdell's flat, when he came running from the door and started down the avenue as if he was in an awful hurry. I thought something was up, and started after him; but he slackened his pace after going a block, so I was able to keep him in sight by walking. I saw him enter a doorway and disappear, and as I passed I looked inside and realized that he had gone up the stairs to one of the flats."

"Yes."

"I thought it a good opportunity to get Danny a little nearer in case I should want him, so I legged it down the avenue to the corner where I had left him. I suppose I must have talked with Danny two minutes, or maybe three; then I started back again. As I did so, I saw Blaisdell come out of the door of the apartment-house with a woman; a young woman. They went around the corner and climbed into an auto that I hadn't noticed before. It was headed toward Broadway, and so I ran back to Danny and we took the car around on Broadway to wait for them. It wasn't long after that when the car I had seen came out of the other street, but now it had *two* women and my man in it. I let it pass quite close to us, and——"

"Weren't there four people in it? Wasn't there another man, as well? Young Moan, in fact. Wasn't he there?"

"No."

"Then where in the world was he?" asked the detective.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MYSTERY ABOUT HARRY MOAN.

Patsy was silent for a moment after the last question from the detective. He knew that it was not really addressed to him, but that Nick Carter had asked it of himself, rather. It was a question that had puzzled the detective greatly ever since he had entered that flat and found Carrington senseless on the floor.

What had become of Harry Moan?

He had asked himself the question over and over again, because there did not seem to be any reasonable explanation of his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

He understood now why he had not seen Patsy when he entered the place; Patsy was with Danny, and they had taken the car around into Broadway, where they were awaiting the coming of Blaisdell, whom Patsy was shadowing.

But after a moment Patsy replied to the question. He said:

"I think I can suggest something which will offer an explanation about Harry Moan, but if you will per-

mit, I would rather finish what I was telling you, first."

"Do it quickly, then."

"Well, when the automobile passed us we took after it, of course. I thanked my stars then that I had taken Danny and the car with me."

"Naturally."

"They took us over into Westchester County, and they kept us hustling to keep up with them, too; and I now believe that it wasn't long before Blaisdell tumbled to the fact that he was followed. At first he tried to outspeed us, and we covered a few miles in record time. He gave that up when he found that our car was the faster of the two. Then he tried another dodge, and he succeeded."

"What was that?"

"He threw out a handful of steel burrs, or something of the sort. Anyway we hit one of them and one of our tires went off with a bang. We were out of commission. I was wild. I realized that he was going to give me the slip then, and he would have done it had not another car happened along at that moment."

"You hailed it?"

"Yes. There were only two persons in it; the tonneau was empty. They stopped when I called, and, without waiting for permission, I jumped in. Then I asked him to drive on and to try to overtake that car ahead if he could and told him that I would explain as we went."

"Good!"

"He took me at my word, and say, he could go some. We overhauled Blaisdell at the rate of about two lengths to one, and then I asked my new friend to slow down a little and just to keep the other car in sight. I hadn't yet told him who I was. I was too much interested in the chase. I have neglected to state that the chase had already turned toward the city again, and as I asked him just to keep the other car in sight we were about to cross the bridge over the Harlem River where the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street cars cross. You know."

"Yes."

"Well, when I asked him that, he just turned squarely around and looked me over; and then, as cool as you please, he stopped his car dead still and in a tone that would freeze artificial ice, he told me that he had carried me far enough and that he'd be obliged if I would get out.

"I told him who I was, then, but it didn't make any difference. I had to get out, and I did; and in the meantime Blaisdell had disappeared down Madison Avenue. I don't know any more about whe now than you do, except that he is somewhere city."

"Wherever he is, he has got two hundred and thousand dollars with him, in cash; money that bel to the Monolith National Bank."

"Well, we'll have to find him, that's all."

"Yes. Now tell me what you meant a moment ag when I asked myself that question about Harry Moan.

"This: Frankly, I don't believe there *is* any Harry Moan."

"What? Nonsense, Patsy. I have seen him and talked with him."

"Then there isn't any Blanche Moan."

"What—oh! I see what you mean."

"Listen, chief. When I first took after that car, they had no idea that we were following them, and they didn't have such an idea until we crossed the bridge into Westchester County."

"Well?"

"I have told you that when the car passed us on Broadway, there were three persons in it, Blaisdell and two women."

"Yes."

"Well, by the time we were well across the bridge and in the Bronx, the character of the passengers had changed. There were no longer two women and a man in the car; there were two men and a woman there."

Nick Carter nodded his head with emphasis.

"Yes," he said. "That explains the whole thing. I understand it now. What I could not understand before is quite plain now. Either Blanche Moan can play the part of a man to perfection, and do it so well that even I didn't tumble; or Harry Moan can play the part of a woman so well that he succeeded in fooling Carrington."

"I should rather think that Carrington would be fooled, than you, chief."

"Oh, I don't know. Anyhow, it is one character. There is no brother, no sister. I know now what was meant by Blaisdell when he talked over the phone about a double part. I know now why it was Harry who went to call Blanche when Carrington insisted upon seeing her and why he said he was going to his own room for the time being. Poor Carrington! He was even a worse dupe than we supposed."

"I call it a pretty bold game to undertake," said Patsy.

"Yes; it was. That is why Harry Moan called Carrington a fool."

"Well, chief, what are we to do now?"

the moment I can't answer that question. What
f car did Blaisdell drive?"
hink it was a Winton, but I can't be sure."
ould you get the number of it?"
No; I didn't have a chance."
When you last saw them they were driving straight
n this avenue, you say?"
"Yes."
"We will——" The detective stopped speaking, for there was a tap at the door—they were seated in the study—and when he called out in reply, the door opened and admitted Jenks.

"Good!" said Nick. "I was just on the point of mentioning your name when you appear. Did you follow Frazer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did it do any good? Did he take you anywhere worth while?"

"He went to a saloon farther up the avenue. I managed to work my way into it, too! they didn't seem over-particular. As soon as the man got inside, he used the telephone. He called that number, there. I wrote it down at once;" and Jenks gave the detective a card with a number written upon it. "He didn't get any answer, so he sat down and proceeded to fill himself to the neck with booze, although it didn't seem to affect him much. He stayed there till after daylight; till the saloon opened in the morning, and I stayed, too, pretending that I was too sleepy to get out, but waking up once in the while to give an order, which I poured into the cuspidor when I got the chance. Well, about half-past five, or thereabouts, he called the same number again, and that time he got a reply."

"What was said?"

"Of course, I got only one side of the conversation; but the substance of that was that he was reporting what you had done down at Dorning's, sir; and the other man seemed very much interested. He seemed to want particulars. Then Frazer asked if he could go and see the man he was talking to, and was evidently denied, for he didn't like it. He asked, 'When will you see me?' and what reply he got I do not know, although it seemed to satisfy Frazer. After that he spent a long time in listening to something the other man was telling him, and only spoke in monosyllables himself. But he seemed pleased. Then he hung up the phone and hired a room of the saloon-keeper and went up-stairs to bed."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite, sir."

"Well?"

"I decided that there wasn't anything more for me to do there just then, so I sauntered out. I went to a drug-store, and I spent about three hours in finding that telephone number, for I had to search through the book number by number to get it."

"Of course."

"But I found it; and when I found it I put down the address of the house, and then I went to have a look at the place. There is the address of the house, sir, on this card;" and he passed a second card to the detective. Jenks liked to do things dramatically.

Nick glanced at the second card; then he burst into laughter.

"By Jove! Patsy," he called out, "that is the cleverest thing that Blaisdell ever did in his life."

"What is it, chief?"

"He has hidden himself away where we would never have thought of searching for him—not in a thousand years, if Jenks hadn't found him out. Jenks, you have done remarkably good work."

"Thank you, sir."

"But where is he?" asked Patsy.

"Charles Percival Blaisdell has returned to his own home on upper Fifth Avenue, where he resided when he was a member of society, and before I exposed him."

"Gee! He's got a nerve."

"The probability is that the people to whom he leased it are away, or they haven't taken possession yet. Anyhow, Blaisdell has gone there. He is there now."

"Well, that makes things look easy, doesn't it, chief?"

"Comparatively—yes. Now, Jenks, another question."

"Very good, sir."

"Before I sent you after Frazer last night, you had telephoned in to Joseph, and said that you had something of importance to tell me. I didn't give you a chance to tell me at the time I saw you. You may tell me now."

"Well, sir, I had discovered something, or believed I had done so, which I regarded as rather important. Garvan had taken my place on the track of Blaisdell, and I was to go after Carrington in the morning. In the meantime, I had nothing to do, so I went to a theater. You may imagine my surprise, sir, when I took my seat, to find myself directly behind a person I knew as an English crook who delights to masquerade as a woman, and who does it so perfectly as to defy detection. You know I am what is called a moniker man. Well, directly in front of me was seated

a person made up as a woman, but nevertheless a person whom I knew to be a man; a person whom I have twice arrested in London, but who has always escaped justice somehow. And beside him, paying every attention to him as if he were a woman, and therefore believing he was one, was—Carrington. My orders didn't call for me to follow him till morning, but after I came home here, I got to thinking it over, and I went out again. Then I telephoned, and then I went searching for you. That is all, sir."

"And the English crook you saw was Harry Moan?"

"Yes, sir; the Harry Moan you are looking for, although he is known by another name in England. He's a wonderful actor, sir."

"He certainly is," replied the detective.

CHAPTER XII.

BLAISDELL IN THE TOILS AT LAST.

"Has Danny come in yet with the automobile?" asked the detective, turning to Patsy.

"Hours ago; yes."

"Call up the garage in that case, and have him bring it around here in half an hour. When it comes, you and Jenks get into it and drive to the hospital where Carrington was taken. I am going there at once, and I want you to come there after me. We will go then to Blaisdell's house, and if he is still there, which I do not doubt, we will bring him and his friends away with us. But I want to find out how Carrington is getting along."

Nick took a car to the hospital, and, upon telling who he was and why he came, was directed how to find the room to which Carrington had been taken.

He mounted the stairs and approached the door, but even as he did so it opened and a nurse and one of the doctors of the institution came outside.

"How is your patient, doctor?" the detective asked. "I am Mr. Carter, the man who sent him here."

"Mr. Carter," replied the doctor slowly, "I am sorry to inform you that he is dead. He died five minutes ago, and without recovering consciousness."

Nick was more shocked than he would have believed possible. It was a terrible ending for such a bright and promising young chap.

"Did he say nothing at all, even in delirium?" he asked, after a pause.

"No, sir. He did not speak after he was brought here, so far as I can find out. He never recovered consciousness from the time he was struck dow was a terrible blow he received. It is a wonde it did not kill him instantly."

Nick was thoughtful. Presently he said:

"I will ask you, doctor, to telephone the infor tion to Mr. Hall, the president of the Monolith tional Bank. He will take entire charge now. P sonally I do not know about the young man or his lations; but Mr. Hall does. The clothing he wo when he was brought here, I wish you to have put i a bundle and sealed, and given to Mr. Hall. That is all, I believe."

Nick left the hospital then, and waited outside for the arrival of his car, which came in a few minutes. As he was being driven to the destination on Fifth Avenue, he remarked to Patsy:

"We have got Blaisdell where we want him now, all right, although I regret that it had to be done in just this way. Carrington is dead. Blaisdell's blow killed him. He did not recover consciousness."

After that they rode on in silence until the car, in obedience to directions that Nick had given, came to a stop a block below the house they were to visit.

"How are you going to get inside?" asked Patsy, as they left the car.

"Why, at this time of day I think it will be an easy matter," replied the detective. "Aside from the fact that Blaisdell will not be expecting us to find him here, and will therefore not be on guard, is the probability that he and the others as well will be asleep. They were up all night, and—— Well, I shall try my pick-lock on the door. If it won't open it, I shall ring the bell. You two are to follow me. That is all."

But the pick-lock did not need to work. A servant was standing in the open door as they mounted the steps, and before she could back into the hallway and close it, Nick had started forward and blocked her.

"Young woman," said the detective, "Mr. Blaisdell is inside, isn't he?"

"Ye-yes, sir; that is, I will ascertain, if you will give me your names, sir."

"That doesn't matter. I know he is here. He has friends with him also, hasn't he?"

"Ye-yes, sir."

"Where are they?"

"In the library, sir."

"Thank you; and which room is the library? How shall I find it?"

"It is the second door on the left of the hall, sir."

"Thank you again. Now, I will ask you to stand outside on the steps while we are here. It won't be for long;" and he gently forced her through and closed the door after her. Then, with a significant motion to his companions, he passed along the hall toward the door of the library.

It was open, and Nick could glance into the room even before he was close enough to be himself discovered; but it is doubtful if he would have been seen, so intent were the occupants of that room upon what they were doing and saying.

ll you he is dead, and he can't tell us where he e money," Blaisdell, now without disguise, was . "I just now telephoned to the hospital. Car- n is dead. That welt I gave him over the head too severe. I didn't mean to kill him, but——" rug of the shoulders completed the sentence.

"You'll be up against it hard now, Percy, if Nick rter catches you," said the soft voice of Harry loan; and then from Miriam came a sharp command o "Shut up!"

"They can't prove that I hit him," replied Blaisdell. "It is more likely to be proved against you, Harry; or against Miriam," and he laughed.

"You forget that you left your cane there," said Harry coolly.

"Oh, drop it. That isn't what interests me now. It is what he did with the rest of the money. You say he told you, Harry, that he had two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Well, all we got off of him was fifty thousand. Where is the rest of it?"

"You can search me, mister," laughed Moan.

"I've a good mind to do it, Harry," responded Blaisdell angrily. "You were with him long enough in your character of Blanche, to have wheedled him out of some of it."

Moan laughed aloud again, derisively.

"You needn't worry about my having it," he said. "I wouldn't be here if I had succeeded in getting my digits on the cash. If I had had any idea that he had fifty thousand on him when he was at the theater with me, you'd never have seen me again. I'll tell you that to your face, Percy; and as for the balance——"

"Well?"

"I think if I tried I could make a mighty good guess as to what he did with it. I haven't played the part of Blanche for nothing with him, all this time."

"Well, if you know where the money is, why don't you say so?"

"I don't know where it is; and if I *did* know, I wouldn't say so. I'm not such a fool, Percy. But I'll bet you two to one in any amount you please, that I can find it and that you can't. More, I'll bet you that when I do find it, I'll keep it, and that you won't get any part of it, either. I have done all the work for it, and it belongs to me. If you had offered to act square about what you've got there in your fist now, maybe I'd play square with you; but I'm through with you from this out. I don't take any stock in murderers, anyhow."

Like a flash Blaisdell drew a revolver, and it is more than likely that Harry Moan would have been shot down then and there, had it not been for Nick Carter.

But the detective had already stepped into the room and was quite near to Blaisdell when he did that.

Nick had only to reach out one hand and seize Blaisdell's arm and draw it aside, and the bullet which otherwise would have slain Moan, fractured a mirror instead.

Moan uttered a loud cry and started from his chair, for he had seen Nick at the moment he grasped Blaisdell's arm. Then he leaped over the library-table and bolted for the door; but only to run directly into the arms of Jenks, who suddenly appeared in the opening.

"Not so fast, Harry, me boy," said Jenks. "I recognized you in your old rig, at the theater last night, me lad. Stand still now, sonny, or I'll break you in half."

"Jenks, the moniker man!" ejaculated Moan.

Miriam Carpenter, as she was called, uttered a scream and started for one of the windows when Nick Carter appeared so suddenly on the scene; but she had only half-reached it when Patsy intercepted her.

"I am afraid, madam, that we will have to request you to wait," he said, at the same time producing a pair of steel bracelets. "Let us try and see how these will fit you, Mrs. Carpenter. So; that will do nicely. Now if you will take that seat over there while Mr. Carter pays his respects to the host? Thank you."

These two incidents described occurred simultaneously, and also while Nick Carter was performing something like the same sort of service for Blaisdell.

When he seized the pistol-arm and so deflected the bullet, he did not let go of it, but pulled it backward sharply, and thus threw Blaisdell off his balance. Then, before the confidence man, now a murderer, could recover his balance, Nick snapped one handcuff on that wrist.

That done, he whirled Blaisdell around, seized the other arm, drew that behind him and snapped the second cuff upon it; then, flinging Blaisdell into a chair, none too gently, he said coldly:

"Blaisdell, I arrest you for the murder of James Carrington. I have just heard your confession of the crime. I told you I would cage you some day, and now I've got you. Jenks, take charge of that money on the table. I don't think it will be much trouble to find the balance of the sum that was stolen."

He was interrupted by a loud laugh from Moan.

"Look there!" said Moan. "Look at that, will you! He's a blooming fine chap to have for a chief, isn't he?" and he pointed toward Blaisdell where he was huddled in the chair, for Blaisdell had broken down completely, and was crying and sobbing like a woman.

"Come," said Nick. "We'll get out of this. I think our work is done. Come."

And so they left the house, took their prisoners to the automobile, and transferred them to the station-house, from which place Nick telephoned to the commissioner, telling him all that had been done. After that he telephoned to Hall, and the latter asked him:

"What shall be done about the missing two hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Carter?"

"Oh, I think there is no doubt that I will be able to find it without much trouble, Mr. Hall," replied the detective. "I will talk that over with you later on."

And he did find it.

THE END.

The next number (627) will be "On the Trail of Moan; or, Nick Carter Meets With a Great Surprise."

NEW NICK CARTER WEEKLY

NEW YORK, December 26, 1908.

TERMS TO NICK CARTER WEEKLY MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

(*Postage Free.*)

Single Copies or Back Numbers, 5c. Each.

3 months	65c.	One year	$2.50
4 months	85c.	2 copies one year	4.00
6 months	$1.25	1 copy two years	4.00

How to Send Money—By postoffice or express money order, registered letter, bank check or draft, at our risk. At your own risk if sent by currency, coin, or postage stamps in ordinary letter.

Receipts—Receipt of your remittance is acknowledged by proper change of number on your label. If not correct you have not been properly credited, and should let us know at once.

HAROLD G. SMITH, } *Proprietors.*
GEORGE C. SMITH, }

STREET & SMITH, Publishers.
79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

A SIMPLE MISTAKE.

After I had received a diploma from one of our universities, I felt that I could not do better than to complete my education in Europe. As I wished to perfect my already excellent knowledge of modern languages, I thought residence in some European town would enable me to accomplish both purposes.

I finally selected a place in Germany where there was an excellent university. I prefer not to indicate precisely the scene of the strange happening, about which I am going to tell, for reasons which will be readily understood by any one who attentively peruses this story.

We were instructed principally by lectures. Some of us took notes, some drew caricatures or scrawled verses upon the otherwise blank pages of our books; and only a very few became thoroughly imbued with the enthusiasm for learning which animated many of the learned men who expounded to us the accumulated wisdom of the ages and propounded novel theories of their own.

While I was not equally interested in all of the lecturers, there was one or two of them who deeply impressed me—none more deeply than Herr Schwartz. He was a short, thick-set man, with tightly curling black hair and beard.

He lectured upon comparative anatomy and physiology.

Outside of his lecture-hours Herr Schwartz was supposed to spend the greater part of his time in his laboratory—a large and mysterious building situated upon the outskirts of the town. Much curiosity existed among the students as to the nature of the researches he carried on in this gloomy building; but never, so far as we knew, had any student been admitted within its windowless walls.

Great, then, was my surprise one morning when the learned lecturer was taking a long walk with me—a thing that he had done once or twice since he discovered my intense interest in his bold theories—to receive an invitation to come with him to inspect his laboratory. My astonishment must have been evident in my expression, for he said:

"Come! Is it so strange that I should ask a student to my laboratory?"

"Indeed, no," I answered, with some hesitation, "but I am surprised—"

"You," he interrupted, "you thought because I had never thrown open my working-room to the general rabble of students that there was some mystery about it—something I wished to conceal. Ah, no! You are different; you have a ready scientific mind. To the ordinary intellect what I am doing would seem but nonsense. Incapable of co ing me, they would see in my experiments but th of a lunatic. But once I have shown you the reason, the theory upon which I work, you will see t basis for each wheel and each cog in the whole ap

"I am proud, indeed, Herr Schwartz," I began, bu not wait for the end of my sentence.

"There is no reason for pride," he said, waving his disdainfully. "You cannot help it. You judge all without prejudice and upon their merits. Will you co

"Most willingly," I answered. "When shall my vis made?"

"To-day," he said promptly.

"But it is your lecture day," I said, looking at my wat "and, in fact, you will have no more time than is necessa even if you should go now to the lecture-room."

"Bah!" he answered, with a curl of the lip. "What car I for the gaping of those boobies now? It is true I have spent two years in pelting their dough faces with the crumbs of science which not one of them can receive. But now all that is past. My apparatus is at last ready. To-day it will be put in operation."

"Will it not be better, then, for me to postpone my visit for another time?" I asked, not wishing to inconvenience the experimenter.

"You do not understand," said Herr Schwartz, turning to me with a smile. "I do not ask you to come into the place so long sacred to my deepest musings, my most important researches, merely as a spectator to be amused, nor as a student to be instructed. I need help. For a long time I have been upon the lookout among the young men in the university, hoping that when the day of final proof should come, I might be able to secure just the right assistance. Well, I have found the man I sought; and you are he. I cannot perform the experiment, for which I have passed years in laborious preparation, without the aid of the right brain and the right hand."

By this time we had arrived at the top of a slight eminence, from which the laboratory was distinctly visible. It was a large, square building, with a rounded roof—not unlike an astronomical observatory. As this strange, windowless structure came into view, Herr Schwartz halted, and, turning his back upon it, solemnly addressed himself to me.

"Wait," he said. "It is not too late yet for you to withdraw. You have known me long enough to be sure I am of sound mind, and to know whether you can rely upon my good faith. I assure you that in the experiment I am about to make no harm can come to you. I alone will take all risks and be responsible for all the results. That is but right, since I alone shall reap whatever benefit may spring from the momentous trial. Speak, then, and let me know whether I have rightly concluded, that I can rely upon your nationality and your intellect. Are you willing to assist me in this purely scientific experiment?"

"Herr Schwartz," I replied, after a moment's reflection, "only assure me that you will call upon me to do nothing unbecoming a gentleman, and I will consent gladly to aid you in any way within my power."

"I give you my word that you can safely assist me upon those conditions," said Herr Schwartz.

"Very well," I answered, "I consent."

"There is no time to be lost, then," he answered.

We set out for the laboratory, and after a few minutes [illegible] before the heavy oak door. It was secured by a combination lock. Herr Schwartz gave the handle a few revolutions, the bolt flew back, and we entered the building, and, when the door was closed, found ourselves in perfect darkness.

In a moment, however, I heard a slight click, and the interior of the laboratory was flooded with the radiance of an enormous incandescent light.

I do not know how I can most clearly convey the impression made upon me by the wondrous sight which was revealed to me. Perhaps the plainest and simplest method

t. I must trust for the rest to the imagination
ders. I saw that the enormous dome that roofed
e had been raised to accommodate a model of the
terrestrial globe. Its dimensions I cannot give;
haps it was one hundred feet in diameter. The elec-
ht was so placed as to be a representation of the sun.
rge mirror seemed to take the place of our satellite,
oon; more distant were other celestial bodies, while
lamps were grouped like constellations.

o nearer," said Herr Schwartz, "and examine the ma-
ery. It is purely artificial—I make no pretensions to the
ck art. But do not interfere with any of the mechanism;
is the result of months of careful adjustment."

I was speechless with admiration; for, as I came nearer, I
w that I was gazing on a dwarfed world. I said something
f the sort, when I had recovered from my first stupefaction.

"Yes," said the maker of these marvels, "you have com-
prehended it. As the Chinese and Japanese dwarf trees, I
have a dwarfed world. I have made some wonderful dis-
coveries. I have replaced gravitation by electricity; have
made an artificial sun; have produced artificial temperatures,
and, in short, have created a world in miniature, but a world
that is, save for some few inferior forms of life, uninhabited.

"You see upon this tiny—for tiny it is compared to the
world whereon we dwell—upon this tiny world an ocean rolls,
continents exist, vegetation flourishes, and the seasons pur-
sue their wonted round. The animal life is restricted, for
a purpose, to a few forms—to such as are necessary to
sustain life in the human being. The purpose of this great
invention—for modesty forbids such an achievement would be
absurd—will soon be revealed to you."

"It is truly superhuman," I said. "It seems to move as
I look upon it."

"It does," he answered proudly. "It is essentially a new
world. But let us not waste time in boyish wonder. All
this is not a toy, but a piece of scientific apparatus."

"But what purpose can it serve?" I asked, after a few
moments of bewilderment.

"After years of investigation," said Herr Schwartz
slowly, "I have learned the history of the development of
man. You, too, have surveyed a part of that wondrous
story literally wrung from the heart of the rocks."

"Yes," I said hesitatingly, "but the—'missing link'?"

"I have several skeletons of the 'missing link,'" said Herr
Schwartz. "That is the very least of my discoveries. My
thoughts for years have not been busy with the past of
evolution. My dreams—nay, reasonings—my inventions,
and my discoveries have dealt with its future. But enough.
The experiment will make all clear to you where words
piled upon words fail to effect a beginning. A few short
explanations and we will proceed to deeds; and you will see
for yourself whatever now seems obscure. Sit down.

"Listen," said Herr Schwartz, "and, unless it be neces-
sary, do not interrupt me. You have seen the apparatus.
It only remains for you to know that I have discovered a
method of reducing my own size to such dimensions as to fit
me to dwell upon the miniature earth you have already
examined. This method is effective, and entirely
harmless. But for the present I shall not reveal it. Suffice
to say that I shall utilize this method, and shall then allow
you to place me upon the globe, selecting that part of India
which is the cradle of the human race.

"Previously I shall have taught you to control and operate
the mechanism whereby the little world is actuated. Having
placed me, then, in the proper spot, you will by gradual
degrees increase the speed of the earth's rotation. The
effect, as I know from some minor experiments upon inferior
animals, will be to greatly—indeed, immeasurably—increase
the rapidity with which evolution operates.

"Meanwhile, the tiny being which I have become will
develop himself with all his powers to develop all his higher
and nobler attributes. The result, I am sure, will be the
production of an unimagined type of man. I will become an
individual so supremely developed that what I am now, com-
pared to an ape, I will be then, compared to my former self."

"And then——" I began.

"Silence!—for a moment longer," said Herr Schwartz im-
pressively. "I have not done. Then you must stop the
revolutions. A bell will strike for a signal. Take then the
portion of that earth's crust upon which you know me to
be—in fact, you might take the whole of India, as it is but
a light burden, and carry it into the open air. There you
will see the result of this experiment. What it will be, I
know almost beyond the possibility of error. But you shall
not have the supreme happiness of that moment destroyed
by anticipation."

It was now about noon, and we partook of a light lun-
cheon. After the meal was finished, Herr Schwartz took
me into the operating-room, and explained to me the use of
the electric buttons, the regulators, the governors, the
switches and brakes, the dials and indicators which set in
motion and controlled the complicated and beautiful mechan-
ism by which his whirling globe was operated.

Mechanical matters had never offered any puzzles to me,
and in a short time he pronounced me capable of perform-
ing the part he had entrusted to me. Then we proceeded
to another apartment. He entered a small cabinet, after
supplying me with a powerful magnifier, and told me when
I should hear the stroke of a tiny bell to enter the room and
take from over an alcohol-lamp a small retort.

"By examining with the glass," said Herr Schwartz, "you
will see that I have become a mere atom of humanity, too
small to be seen save by a powerful lens. Place the mouth
of the retort over the spot in India, which you will find
indicated by a metal pointer, and then retire to the oper-
ating-room and set the machinery in motion. The process
ought not to take over a few hours, and may be much
shorter."

"Good-by," said the experimenter, with a smile, "and re-
member, whatever happens, the results are mine alone."

With a handshake we parted, and Herr Schwartz en-
tered the transforming-cabinet.

I do not know how long I waited. My interest and curi-
osity were so intense that I was hardly aware, all through
the experiment, of the time which elapsed.

The bell sounded. I entered the little cabinet, found the
retort over the tiny lamp, found the result to be what Herr
Schwartz had predicted. There was a microscopic image of
the scientific friend to whose lectures I had so long listened.

Realizing the responsibility which now rested upon me,
I hastened to carry out Herr Schwartz's instructions to the
letter. I placed the mite of humanity upon the artificial
globe, returned to the operating-room, and set the wonder-
ful apparatus—which had been at rest during the preceding
preparations—again in motion.

Gradually I added to the speed of rotation, keeping my
eyes upon the dials and indicators. My great anxiety was
to keep the speed at just the points which Herr Schwartz
had prescribed.

There is no need to dwell upon the anxious time that
followed, nor to tell the thousand thoughts and fears that
pressed upon my throbbing brain. After what seemed an
endless time, the bell sounded the signal—I rushed to the
main hall, tore the whole of India from its place, and made
my way to the outer air.

It was still a moonlight night. I placed the bit of earth
gently upon the ground, and from it there arose a figure!
But what was it that slowly took shape before me? Was it
the noble figure of a man, grown to some grander, nobler
shape?

Alas! no.

On the contrary, it was a diminutive and far from at-
tractive monkey.

I saw at once there was something wrong, and my trained
scientific intellect at once solved the mystery. I had turned
the apparatus backward.

TRAINING
Outweighs Long Service

There is no better proof of this than the everyday scenes of long-service ***untrained*** employees at the beck and call of younger men who occupy the big positions because of their training. It's a case of Training vs. Long Service—with the odds all in favor of the ***trained*** man.

Get out of the untrained rut. Mark the attached coupon and let the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton tell you how you can qualify for a better position. How you can protect yourself against servitude in your old age. How you can become ***an expert at your chosen line of work.*** No necessity for leaving home. No books to buy. Mark the coupon. It will bring you advice and information worth dollars to you. Marking the coupon puts you to no expense and places you under no obligation. Mark it ***NOW.***

HOW THE I.C.S. RAISES SALARIES

That the Business of the I. C. S. is to Raise Salaries is shown by the monthly average of 300 letters ***VOLUNTARILY*** written by students reporting salaries raised and advancement won through I. C. S. help. During October the number was 274.

So long as you can read and write there's an I. C. S. way by which you can succeed in life. Let the I. C. S. tell you what it is.

MARK THE COUPON NOW.

SALARY-RAISING COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1017 , Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for engagement or advancement in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Mechan. Draughtsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertising Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mech. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architectural Draughtsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Banking
	Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

LATEST ISSUES

THE NICK CARTER WEEKLY

The best detective stories on earth. Nick Carter's exploits are read the world over.

HIGH ART COLORED COVERS. **32 BIG PAGES.** **PRICE 5 CENTS.**

3—The Island of Fire; or, Nick Carter's Weird Experience.
4—The Senator's Plot; or, Nick Carter's Youngest Client.
5—The Madness of Morgan; or, Nick Carter to the Rescue.
6—A Million Dollar Hold-up; or, Nick Carter after the Train Robbers.
616—Nick Carter's Submarine Clue; or, The Water Ferret of the Chesapeake.
617—Under the Flag of Chance; or, Nick Carter's Phenomenal Stock Deal.
618—The Case Against Judge Bernard; or, How Nick Carter Solved a Judicial Problem.
619—Down to the Grave; or, Nick Carter Buried Alive.
620—The Fatal Javelin; or, Nick Carter & Company at Work.
621—The Ghost of Nick Carter; or, The Secret of the Second Sight Seer.
622—A Strange Coincidence; or, Patsy's Lucky Strike.
623—Pauline—A Mystery; or, Nick Carter's Swimming Chase.

THE DIAMOND DICK WEEKLY

The heroes of the stories published in this weekly are dear to the hearts of 60,000 boys. Diamond Dick is a splendid Western character.

HIGH ART COLORED COVERS. **32 BIG PAGES.** **PRICE 5 CENTS.**

622—Diamond Dick and the Mounted Police; or, Duke Dashaway's Dash.
623—Diamond Dick, the Dauntless; or, The Man Who Became Friday.
624—Diamond Dick's River Drift; or, Nick, of the Northwest Wilderness.
625—Diamond Dick's Foundling; or, Foiling a Cowardly Plot.
626—Diamond Dick's Alkali Trail; or, Run to Earth in the Bad Lands.
627—Diamond Dick's Solid Shot; or, The Spies of the Pacific Fleet.
628—Diamond Dick's Wireless Signal; or, The Lone Traitor of the Sierras.
629—Diamond Dick's Disappearance; or, The Rain-makers of Swinging Prairie.
630—Diamond Dick's Scarlet Enemy; or, The Foxy Role of Foggy Ike.
631—Diamond Dick Hunted; or, The Accusing Blood Stain.
632—Diamond Dick, the Lariat King; or, Silver Sam's Silver.
633—Diamond Dick's Gift Horse; or, The Man With the Metal Head.

THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

The most original stories of Western adventure. The only weekly containing the adventures of the famous Buffalo Bill.

HIGH ART COLORED COVERS. **32 BIG PAGES.** **PRICE 5 CENTS.**

383—Buffalo Bill Overboard; or, Playing the Black and Red.
384—Buffalo Bill's Ring; or, Double-crossing the Blacklegs.
385—Buffalo Bill's Big Contract; or, Helping the Railroad Builders.
386—Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane; or, A Real Lady from the Black Hills.
387—Buffalo Bill's Kid Pard; or, Little Cayuse's Tenstrike.
388—Buffalo Bill's Desperate Flight; or, The Rout of the Cimarron Pards.
389—Buffalo Bill's Fearless Stand; or, The Horror at Ringed Peak.
390—Buffalo Bill and the Yelping Crew; or, A Man Hunt in Arizona.
391—Buffalo Bill's Guiding Star; or, Solving the "C" Troop Mystery.
392—Buffalo Bill's Queer Quest; or, The Veiled Woman of the Valley.
393—Buffalo Bill's Prize "Get-away;" or, First Aid to the "Man from Nowhere."
394—Buffalo Bill's Hurricane Hustle; or, A Close Shave at Razor Gap.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 5 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

STREET & SMITH Publishers 79-89 SEVENTH AVE., N. Y.

IF YOU WANT ANY BACK NUMBERS

of our Weeklies and cannot procure them from your newsdealers, they can be obtained from this office direct. Fill out the following Order Blank and send it to us with the price of the weeklies you want and we will send them to you by return mail. POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN THE SAME AS MONEY.

.....

STREET & SMITH, 79 Seventh Ave., New York. 190

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find.....cents for which send me:

.....copies of TIP TOP WEEKLY.....

..... " " NICK CARTER WEEKLY.....

..... " " DIAMOND DICK WEEKLY.....

..... " " BUFFALO BILL STORIES.....

..... " " BRAVE AND BOLD WEEKLY.....

Name.....Street.....City.....State.....

The Nick Carter Weekly

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY — **BEAUTIFUL COLORED COVERS**

When it comes to detective stories worth while, the NICK CARTER WEEKLY contains the only ones that should be considered. They are not overdrawn tales of bloodshed. They rather show the workings of one of the finest minds ever conceived by a writer.

The name of Nick Carter is familiar all over the world and the stories of his adventures are read eagerly by millions, in twenty different languages. No other stories have attained the severe test of time so well as those contained in the NICK CARTER WEEKLY. It proves conclusively that they are best.

We give herewith a list of all the back numbers in print. You can have your newsdealer order them or they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address upon receipt of the price in money or postage stamps.

331—Nick Carter's Thumb Clue.
334—Nick Carter's Crooked Trail.
335—Nick Carter's False Clue.
343—Nick Carter and the Phantom of Denver.
346—Nick Carter On and Off the Scent.
352—Nick Carter and the Langworthy Treasure.
353—Nick Carter Forging the Fetters.
354—Nick Carter from Peril to Peril.
357—Nick Carter in a Finish Fight.
358—Nick Carter and the Triple Identity.
359—Nick Carter and the "Queen of Diamonds."
360—Nick Carter and the Missing Jewels.
361—Nick Carter's Great Success.
362—Nick Carter's Search for a Motive.
363—Nick Carter's Double Capture.
364—Nick Carter's Quarry of the Jenkins Brothers.
367—Nick Carter's Suicide Mystery.
370—Nick Carter's Diamond Trail.
372—Dazaar, the Arch Fiend.
373—The Queen of the Seven.
374—The Sign of the Dagger.
377—The Last of the Seven.
379—The Mystery of the Mikado.
381—The Crime Behind the Throne.
382—Holding a Nation Captive.
383—Kidnaped in Broad Daylight.
385—The Secret Order of Associated Crooks.
386—When Aces Were Trumps.
387—The Gambler's Last Hand.
388—The Murder at Linden Pells.
389—Nemesis of Fashion's Palace.
390—The Millionaire's Nemesis.
391—A Princess of the Underworld.
392—A Queen of Her Kind.
393—Isabel Benton's Trump Card.
394—A Princess of Hades.
401—The House with the Open Door.
402—The Society of Assassination.
404—The Thrall of the Vampire.
405—Demons of the Night.
406—The Captain of the Vampire.
407—A Bank President's Plot.
408—The Masked Criminal.
409—The Gamblers' Puzzle.
410—Inez, the Mysterious.
411—The Criminal's Oath.
412—The Point of a Dagger.
422—By Command of the Czar.
423—The Conspiracy of Count Sarrow.
424—A Queen of Vengeance.
429—The Phantom Highwayman.
430—A Million Dollar Hold-up.
431—Nick Carter and the Man with the Crooked Mind.
432—Nick Carter's Convict Enemy.
433—The Pirate of Opium.
434—The Cruise of the Shadow.
435—A Prince of Impostors.
436—The Mystery of John Dashwood.
437—Following a Blind Trail.
438—The Crime of the Potomac.
439—In the Shadow of Death.
440—The Fear-Haunted Broker.
441—The Greenhouse Tragedy.
442—A Clever Grab.
443—The Mystery of the Front Room.
444—The Game of Union Square.
445—A Millionaire Criminal.
446—The Broadway Cross.
447—The Princess Beyonde.
448—The Queerest Tragedy.
449—Missing: a Sack of Gold.
451—The Great Cathedral Mystery.
452—Nick Carter's Million.
453—The Fear-Shaped Diamonds.
455—Nick Carter's Human Weapon.
456—The Compact of Death.
457—The Rajah's Revenge.
458—The Tragedy of the Sea.
460—Kairo the Strong.
461—Nick Carter's Strange Power.
462—Nick Carter and the Marksburg Affair.
463—The Millionaire Cracksman.
464—The Mystery Man.
465—Scylla the Sea Robber.
466—The Beautiful Pirate of Oyster Bay.
467—The Man from Nevada.
468—Maguey, the Mexican.
469—Holding Up a Detective.
470—The Automobile Fiend.
471—Bellini, the Blind Hand.
472—Black Hand's Nemesis.
473—An Expert in Craft.
474—Nick Carter's Terrible Experience.
475—The Mystery of an Untold Crime.
476—Diana, the Arch-demon.
477—The Man, the Unknown.
478—A Wizard of the Highway.
479—Abducted in Broad Day.
480—The Tong of the Tailless Dragon.
481—The Padlocked Mystery.
482—Demn, the Dangerous.
483—Nick Carter's Murder Problem.
484—A Battle Among the Clouds.
485—The Veiled Princess.
486—The Conquest of a Kingdom.
487—The House of Skeletons.
488—A Princess for Sale.
489—Nick Carter's Foxy Adversary.
490—Ruby Times Two.
491—The Gold Lettered Dagger.
492—That Mysterious Affair.
493—A Dead Guardian of Millions.
494—The Mysterious Treasure Hunters.
495—The Klondike Bank Puzzle.
496—The "Bad Man" of Nome.
497—The Black Sign of Peace.
498—Following an Ocean Trail.
499—A Clew from the Clouds.
500—Praxatel, of the Ironarm.
501—The Man from Montana.
502—Ismailia, the Chieftain.
503—Nick Carter's Earthquake Clue.
504—Nick Carter Among the Bad Men.
505—The Man of Many Faces.
506—A Letter from the Dead.
507—Bare-faced Jimmy, the Gentleman Crook.
508—The Gentleman Crook's Last Act.
509—The "Skiddoo" of the K. U. & T.
510—The Last of the Outlaws.
511—Nick Carter's Twin Mystery.
512—A Battle of Wits.
513—The Game of Five Millions.
514—Codman the Poisoner.
515—The Plot of the Poisoner.
516—The Mechanical Giant.
517—Doris, the Unknown.
518—A Dangerous Woman.
519—Madge Morley's Ghost.
520—The Automobile Mystery.
521—The Mysterious Stranger.
522—The White Arm of a Woman.
523—The Man in the Doorway.
524—The Plot of the Baron.
525—The Adventure on the Night Local.
526—A Double Mystery.
527—Clarice, the Countess.
528—Clarice, the Woman Detective
529—The Index of Seven Fears.
530—An Amazonian Queen.
531—A Woman's Marvelous Parasol.
532—Gipsy Madge, the Blackmailer
533—Facing an Unseen Terror.
534—Kinjack, the Woman of Mystery.
535—The Making of a King.
536—The Empire of a Goddess.
537—Sanahayde, the Terrible.
538—The Seven-headed Monster.
539—The Woman of the Mask.
540—The Masked Woman's Daring Plot.
541—Hobo Harry, the Beggar King.
542—Black Madge's Hobo Gang.
543—Black Madge's Vengeance.
544—A Tragedy of the Footlights.
545—The Maynard Woman's Double.
546—Three Against Fifteen.
547—A Mystery of Two Passengers.
548—A Dead Man at the Feast.
549—The House of Secrets.
550—The Lost Bank President.
551—Hugh Melton's Weak Plot.
552—The Dare-devil Crook.
553—A Mystery from the Klondyke.
554—Returned from the Grave.
555—The Mystery Man of 7-Up Ranch.
556—A Bad Man of Montana.
557—The Man from Arizona.
558—Kid Curry's Last Stand.
559—A Beautiful Anarchist.
560—The Whiliti's Second Move.
561—The Brotherhood of Free Rovers.
562—A White House Mystery.
563—The Great Spy System.
564—The Last of Mustushimi.
565—Secrets of a Haunted House.
566—A Mystery in India Ink.
567—The Trail of the Sixteen.
568—The Criminal Trust.
569—The Syndicate of Crooks.
570—The Order of the Python.
571—Tried for His Life.
572—A Bargain With a Thief.
573—Peters, the Shrewd Crook.
574—The Mystery of the Empty Grave.
575—The Mirrow Beryl.
576—The Dead Man on the Roof.
577—A Double-barreled Puzzle.
578—An Automobile Duel.
579—Jasper Ryan's Counter Move.
580—An International Conspiracy.
581—Plotters Against a Nation.
582—Mignon Duprez, the Female Spy.
583—A Mystery of High Society.
584—A Million Dollars Reward.
585—The Signal of Seven Shots.
586—The "Shadow."
587—Nick Carter's Secret.
588—A Victim of Magic.
589—The Mystery in a Palace.
590—The Countess Zeta's Defense.
591—The Professors' Last Effort.
592—The Two Lost Chittendens.
593—Miguel, the Avenger.
594—Matilda, the Female Queen.
595—The Crystal Mystery.
596—Will and Skill.
597—Vanderdyken, the Millionaire.
598—Kirby's Vacation Problem.
599—The King's Prisoner.
600—A Woman to the Rescue.
601—Nick Carter in Japan.
602—Valika, the Geisha Girl.
603—The Secret of the Emperor.
604—The Convict's Secret.
605—The Man in the Dark.
606—Nick Carter's Trump Clue.
607—The Mysterious Mr. Peters.
608—A Woman at Bay.
609—The Balloon Tragedy.
610—Nick Carter's Strangest Case.
611—The Stolen Treasure.
612—The Island of Fire.
613—The Secret Cave.
614—The Madness of Morgan.
615—A Million-dollar Hold-up.
616—Nick Carter's Double Clue.
617—Under the Flag of Chance.
618—The Case Against Judge Bernard.
619—Down to the Grave.
620—The Stolen Treasure.
621—The Ghost of Nick Carter.
622—A Strange Coincidence.
623—Pauline—A Mystery.
624—A Woman of Plots.
625—A Millionaire Swindler.
626—The Money Schemers.
627—On the Trail of the Moon.
628—The House of Mystery.
629—The Disappearance of Monsieur Gereaux.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS PER COPY

If you want any back numbers of our weeklies and cannot procure them from your newsdealer, they can be obtained direct from this office. Postage stamps taken the same as money.

STREET & SMITH, PUBLISHERS, 79-89 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK